Saturday Review

Upsala College
Library
East Orange, N. J.

SEPTEMBER 25, 1954 / 20¢

RECORDINGS

HOW WRITERS EARN THEIR LIVINGS

By Malcolm Cowley

Moira Shearer, star of "A Midsummer Night's Dream." (See RECORDINGS)

McINTOSH

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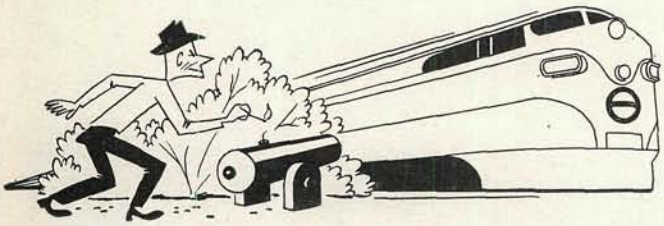
The scenery is on the ground

Ordinarily, we're great believers in peddling our own papers.

We know that we have a good service to offer, and that it is good in its own right. We don't feel that we have to pick on a service that somebody else sells—quite possibly a good service, too—and claim that it is less comfortable, less safe, or more expensive than ours.

But we think that should be a two-way street. Even if the "S" in our initials stood for "Saint," we think we've exhausted the patience of one with the people who are constantly sniping at *our* service as a means of selling their own.



Brief Rebuttal

This is the kind of thing we mean:

A certain American airline (which shall be nameless) recently took 2½ pages, in color, in a well-known Saturday evening magazine, to urge you to "spare yourself problems with children, bored and restless from sitting still so long in a car or train."

We wonder if, in regard to trains, they know what they're talking about.

(As we said once before in an ad, the airlines know a lot about the airline business, but there's a lot they don't know about running a railroad—although you'd never guess it to hear them talk.)

One reason for taking children on a trip is to let them see the land they live in—close up. America is, after all, on the ground. Train-riding children get to know it.

History Comes Alive

Think how much more the story of, say, the Donner Party means to the child who sees Donner Lake and the ruggedness of the High Sierra country for the first time from his train window (the *San Francisco Overland*). While he knows he's snug and secure aboard the train, he still feels the tingle of excitement that comes to all but the most blasé of us when we realize that we're actually "where they were." When you're on the spot, it's easy to turn the calendar back a hundred years—and be there with the pioneers.

And that's just one example. When you see a child, face pressed excitedly against the train window, getting his first look at the Pacific Ocean or a California Mission (served by the *Coast Daylight*), the forests, lakes and streams of the Cascade Mountains, mighty Mt. Shasta, or logging operations in the Pacific Northwest (served by the *Shasta Daylight*), or cowboys at work in the Southwest (served by the *Golden State* or *Sunset Limited*) . . . when you see that, you know that boredom and restlessness are just not part of our stock in trade.

More Than Scenery

Besides, when you tire of doing any *one* thing, there's always something new to do on the train.

Do you remember your own first train ride? Remember the thrill of eating in the Dining Car, while the world slipped by your window? Remember the excitement of your first night in a Pullman, when you slid deliciously between clean sheets and dozed off to the clickety rhythm of the wheels? And remember the fun you've had in Lounge Cars, and the interesting people you've met? These are *all* wonderful, memorable things for children to add to the scenery outside.

And we think *you'll* find the train just as much fun as ever, now.

Take the Family—and Save

Low Family Fares for most transcontinental trips are an added inducement to family train travel, now. Briefly, what it adds up to is that youngsters under five go free, from five through 11 at quarter-fare, and Mom and children from 12 through 21 at half fare.

All in all, we think we have something pretty special to offer you if you're going any place. When you ride with us you can relax in air-conditioned comfort, in the finest of equipment. You can really "get away from it all." We'll be glad to help you (and your youngsters) have a good time.

Southern Pacific

CLAUDE E. PETERSON, *Vice President,* System Passenger Traffic • San Francisco 5, California

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Many people with a cultivated taste in reading have hesitated to join book clubs which choose their selections for the "mass market." It was to serve these discriminating people that this new club—sponsored by the Atlantic Monthly Magazine—was organized. *It chooses its selections solely for readers of genuine taste and intelligence.*

Through the Atlantic Monthly Book Club you can now get *outstanding* new books at special Member's Prices. You save as much as 40% or more, including the value of your bonus books. You take only those books you want; as few as four a year if you wish. You may receive and examine them *before* you pay for them. And each book is described to you well IN ADVANCE by the Club's distinguished Board of Editors—Edward Weeks, Charles Morton and Charles Rolo.

Valuable Bonus Books, Too!

With every fourth selection you purchase, you receive a handsome and valuable Bonus Gift Book from your Club. Thus you save money in *two ways*, while you are building a really worthwhile library. (Last year members saved an average of about $2.35 on each selection, including the value of their bonus books!)

Right now is an excellent time to become a trial member of the Atlantic Monthly Book Club, with the privilege of resigning any time after you accept four selections. If you act now, you may pick any three books from this page. They are yours for only $2.95 (plus few cents for shipping) as a special demonstration to new members!

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☐ **WHO LIVED HERE: Historic New England Houses and Their Occupants** *by M. A. DeWolfe Howe.* Handsome, large-format treasury of famous old homes, with photographs by Samuel Chamberlain. *List price: $6.00.*

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☐ **THE REASON WHY** *by Cecil Woodham-Smith.* Lord Lucan and Lord Cardigan were brothers-in-law, but bitter rivals in military life. Their enmity flared into climax on the battlefield — sending their own men to a scandalous defeat. *List price: $4.00.*

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☐ **Dual Selection: BUT WE WERE BORN FREE** *by Elmer Davis.* Unmasks the propaganda, thought-control and scare tactics that threaten us from within. *List price: $2.75*

AND

THE TUNNEL OF LOVE *by Peter DeVries.* Mr. and Mrs. Augie Poole decide to adopt a baby. But when wifey learns that the baby is no stranger to hubby after all—things happen that shouldn't even occur to Augie! *List price: $3.50.*

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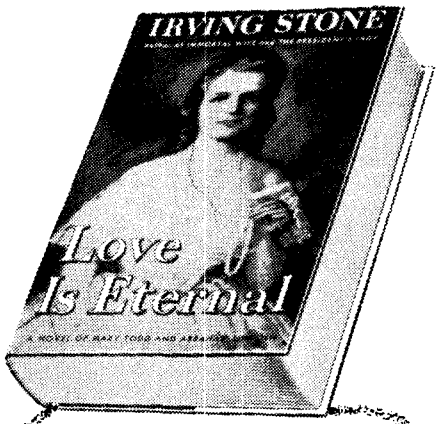

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DOUBLEDAY

The Saturday Review

SEPTEMBER 25, 1954

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SR's Library Poll

MR. MORTON THOMPSON is a man denied some of the sweetest pleasures the literary life affords. His "Not As a Stranger," back in the #1 spot on *SR*'s list, not only has led the book pack for many months; it has now been scripted for one of the most lavish movies of the year. But author Thompson died before his work, which concerns a doctor's conflicts, went into its first printing.

TITLE AND AUTHOR

1. **Not As a Stranger**
   by Morton Thompson (F)*
2. **Mary Anne**
   by Daphne du Maurier (F)
3. **I'll Cry Tomorrow**
   by Lillian Roth, Mike Connolly, and Gerold Frank (G)**
4. **Sweet Thursday**
   by John Steinbeck (F)
5. **A Child of the Century**
   by Ben Hecht (G)
6. **Never Victorious, Never Defeated**
   by Taylor Caldwell (F)
7. **The Power of Positive Thinking**
   by Norman Vincent Peale (G)
8. **Cell 2455, Death Row**
   by Caryl Chessman (G)
9. **The Dollmaker**
   by Harriette Arnow (F)
10. **But We Were Born Free**
    by Elmer Davis (G)
11. **A Fable**
    by William Faulkner (F)
12. **TNT—The Power Within You**
    by Claude Bristol (G)
13. **Minutes of the Last Meeting**
    by Gene Fowler (G)
14. **Gone With the Wind**
    by Margaret Mitchell (F)
15. **The Mind Alive**
    by Harry and Bonaro Overstreet (G)
16. **Magnificent Obsession**
    by Lloyd C. Douglas (F)
17. **The Royal Box**
    by Frances Parkinson Keyes (F)
18. **Forty Plus and Fancy Free**
    by Emily Kimbrough (G)
19. **I Led Three Lives**
    by Herbert A. Philbrick (G)
20. **The Caine Mutiny**
    by Herman Wouk (F)

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* (F)—Fiction
** (G)—General

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Any time you see one of these new *Airlight* Outdoor Telephone Booths you're likely to want to go right in and make a call.

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Mightier Than The Hurricane

By THURMAN PRICE

THE WEATHER BUREAU in Miami has a record of a hurricane reaching 132 miles an hour. But it was only a stiff breeze compared to the Jet Stream. The Jet Stream, at its center, exceeds 400 miles an hour!

This fantastic "river of air"—the world's mightiest tail wind—streams endlessly around the earth about 2,000 miles north of the equator. It was discovered by B-29 crews flying to Japan during World War II. Meeting its force head on, their planes *stood still though the throttles of their four mighty engines were wide open!*

UNLIKE THE HURRICANE, which is a spinning wind, the Big Wind blows straight from West to East. Its impetus helped Pan American win the Frye Airline Performance Trophy . . . a coveted award, in recognition of the fastest and longest U. S. commercial air service in the world—from Tokyo to Honolulu *non-stop* . . . Average speed: 334.44 miles an hour.

Pan American meteorologists have been studying the Jet Stream since 1945. They showed Pan American pilots and navigators how to slip into the stream and how to pick up the most tail wind for the least amount of fuel.

RIDING THE BIG WIND IS NOW a winter habit with Pan American pilots. Last year, a Tokyo-to-Honolulu run was accomplished in 9 hours and 48 minutes, cutting the old schedule *almost in half!* The thrilled and happy passengers aboard, richer by a day after crossing the international date line, made jokes about landing in Hawaii "before we left Japan."

Maybe it's too much to suggest that you fly to Tokyo just to ride the Jet Stream back. But there are many excellent reasons for flying to this delightful city. There's Japanese art, culture, customs and scenery . . . and the fact that every street is a sight-seeing tour in itself. And in the autumn, the chrysanthemums put on a show that rivals famous cherry blossom time. Another inducement is the Pan Am "Pay-Later" Plan. Fare from the West Coast is only $878.40 round trip. But $88.40 down gives you your Clipper* ticket . . . with twelve monthly payments of $73.73 each. And if you fly back during autumn or winter, you get a "Jet Stream cruise" (and an extra day) at no extra cost.

*Trade-Mark, Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

(Advertisement)

TRADE Winds

AMONG THE NATION'S publishers who are best known for not being backward about coming forward with controversial books are the Henry Regnery Co. of Chicago and the Devin-Adair Co. of New York. We decided to find out more about them, and we wrote to Mr. Regnery and invited him, on his next trip to New York, to lunch with us. We decided, unreasonably enough, on "21."

We found Mr. Regnery a short, thin, intense young man, by no means unpleasant, of forty-two. He looked around nervously. "Is this a club?" he asked. We said it was, in a controversial sort of way, and we asked him in return if he belonged to any controversial organizations. "There aren't any," he said. We asked him about "For America," a relatively new Chicago group composed of Col. Robert R. McCormick, Gen. Robert E. Wood, Dean Clarence E. Manion, Sen. Burton K. Wheeler, John T. Flynn, and Hamilton Fish. "It's nothing," he said, "nothing at all." We said frankly that it was on our list —a list of things to ask him about. "It doesn't mean a thing," Regnery said. "It's nothing but a target for left wingers to shoot at."

SEVEN YEARS AGO, Regnery told us, he deserted his three brothers and father, who ran the extremely successful Joanna Western Mills Co. (makers, among other things, of cloth covers for books), and decided to go into publishing. "What got me," he said, "was when I found out no one would publish an answer to Henry Morgenthau's book 'Germany Is Our Problem'." Regnery decided to publish several answers including a pamphlet entitled "Germany Is Our Problem." We asked him what happened. "Nothing happened," he said. "You can't copyright a title, you know." We asked him how his first books sold. "They didn't," he said. "What got me, though, was that we were accused of being anti-Semitic—and our first three books were by Jews, too."

Today, Mr. Regnery is still his own and only editor; his first real success was Mortimer Smith's "And Madly Teach" (1949) and he has had some since, including Buckley and Bozell's "McCarthy and His Enemies," which sold almost 30,000. Nonetheless, on the overall picture Regnery makes no secret about the fact that he has lost heavily and couldn't have kept in business without the help of his textile firm. "I'd say I've lost nearly—well, I better not say," he said, "but if I didn't publish Wyndham Lewis and Roy Campbell no one else would."

This fall Regnery is banking on, among others, Alan Valentine's "The Age of Conformity," Mortimer Smith's "The Diminished Mind," and Russell Kirk's "A Program for Conservatives." Regnery is particularly proud of publishing Valentine, who is known for his progressive views, and he is also pleased with Smith's second unfavorable analysis of education. Regnery is also, of course, proud of Kirk, author of his recent success, "The Conservative Mind." "He wrote 'Program' in five weeks," Regnery said, as we were saying good-bye. "He could have done it quicker than that, too, but he was working on a lot of other things including a monthly magazine we're going to publish together. We're going to call it *North American Review* if we can only get the title away from the guys who own it before someone steals it."

WE STOLE AWAY from Mr. Regnery and invited ourselves down to the New York office of Devin-Adair. A venerable firm located on 26th Street, it dates from 1911 and was formerly a house which specialized in Catholic books. In the past two years, however, as they will show you at the drop of a hat, it has done only two purely religious books (out of a total of over thirty), the last one being Father Oesterreicher's "Walls Are Crumbling" (1952). The firm boasts two book clubs, the Irish and the Farmer's, and its general books offer such varying titles as Monroe Upton's "Electronics for Everyone," John H. Storer's "The Web of Life" (a first book of ecology), R. M. Lockley's "The Puffins" (a monograph on sea birds), as well as a distinguished American Naturalist Series edited by Farida A. Wiley—"John Burroughs's America" and "Ernest Thompson Seton's America."

The firm's controversial books include "The Final Secret of Pearl Harbor," which proves conclusively that Roosevelt, not the Japanese, sank the Navy at Pearl Harbor; "Unconditional Hatred," which proves conclusively that England, not Germany, is responsible for the miseries of World War II, "Big Dam Foolishness," which proves conclusively that government, not private industry, causes all the dam trouble, "The Income Tax—Root of All Evil," which

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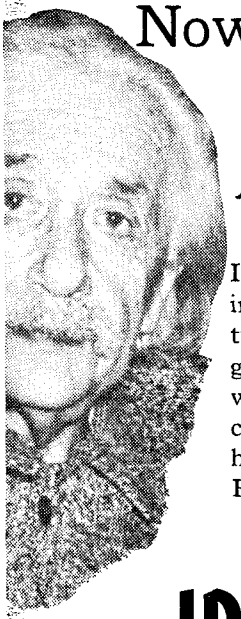
proves conclusively that the Sixteenth Amendment, not Eve, caused Man's fall, "The Roosevelt Myth," which proves conclusively that the object of John T. Flynn's disaffection, not his subject, is still alive, and "McCarthyism—The Fight for America," which proves conclusively that Joe himself, if not his fight, is still available, in 108 pages, for fifty cents.

The president and editor of the firm is Devin A. (for Adair) Garrity, son of the late founder. The present Mr. Garrity is a tall, handsome, prematurely gray young man who speaks softly but carries a big grudge. "The channels of communication in this country, and particularly the book business," he says, "are controlled morning, noon, and night just as tightly as the Nazis ever controlled anything. The liberals are the most totalitarian people in the world, bar none, not even the Nazis. The biggest book-burning in history came when McCloy ordered the burning of the Nazi books. And did I hear one liberal scream? No. Not one! They won't review our books and they steal our authors and they're nothing but thwarted, double-standarded old maids!"

WE THWARTED our way out bearing a double-standard going-away present in the form of 522 galleys of Devin-Adair's forthcoming (Oct. 20) biography by Frazier Hunt, "The Untold Story of Douglas MacArthur." We were told even MacArthur hadn't been told about it yet and that "Devin-Adair has had no correspondence whatsoever with the General about it." Believing we had something pretty special, we sat down to read and were up to 1917 when we were interrupted by a special delivery messenger from McGraw-Hill. He brought us another forthcoming (Sept. 29) book entitled "MacArthur, 1941-1951," by Maj. Gen. Charles A. Willoughby and John Chamberlain. We gave him a quarter and sat down to read it. On the flyleaf was a pleasant note from Mr. Chamberlain which began, "Dear Bob Considine—Knowing you are a MacArthur man . . ."

We put the book down and picked up "The Untold Story" again. This time we got all the way through to where General MacArthur, on being dismissed, is told by Herbert Hoover to "fly home as quickly as possible, before Truman and Marshall and their crowd of propagandists can smear you." At this point the messenger from McGraw-Hill came back again and said there had been a mistake. He took our "MacArthur, 1941-1951" away and gave us another. We gave him another quarter. After he had gone we looked inside. This one had nothing on the flyleaf



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ALBERT EINSTEIN

In this book, which provides an illuminating insight into one of the greatest minds of the twentieth century, Einstein not only explains his theories but gives his ideas and opinions on the atomic bomb, world government, racial prejudice, Congressional committees, religion, music, and education . . . and his little-known correspondence with Freud, Shaw, Russell, Gandhi, and Mme. Curie.

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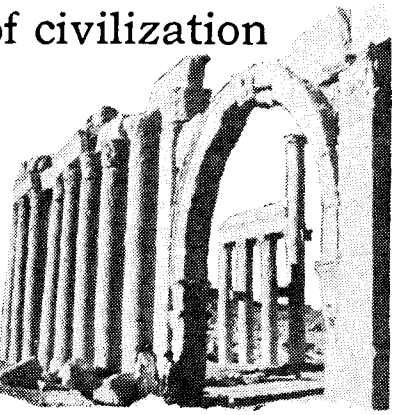
IDEAS AND OPINIONS

JULIAN HUXLEY
takes us on an archaeological and spiritual pilgrimage to the fabulous birthplaces of civilization



Under the pen of this brilliant scholar of science, history, and man, and in his 66 breathtaking photographs (27 in magnificent color), the Middle East arises from the ruins and shrines of 4,000 years to relive its ancient splendor. Here are Ur and Babylon, Nineveh, Persepolis, Palmyra, Petra, Baghdad, Egypt, Constantinople, and all their gods and riches . . . and how all their mingled beauty and horror, barbarism and sophistication, led to the problems that inflame the reawakened Middle East today.

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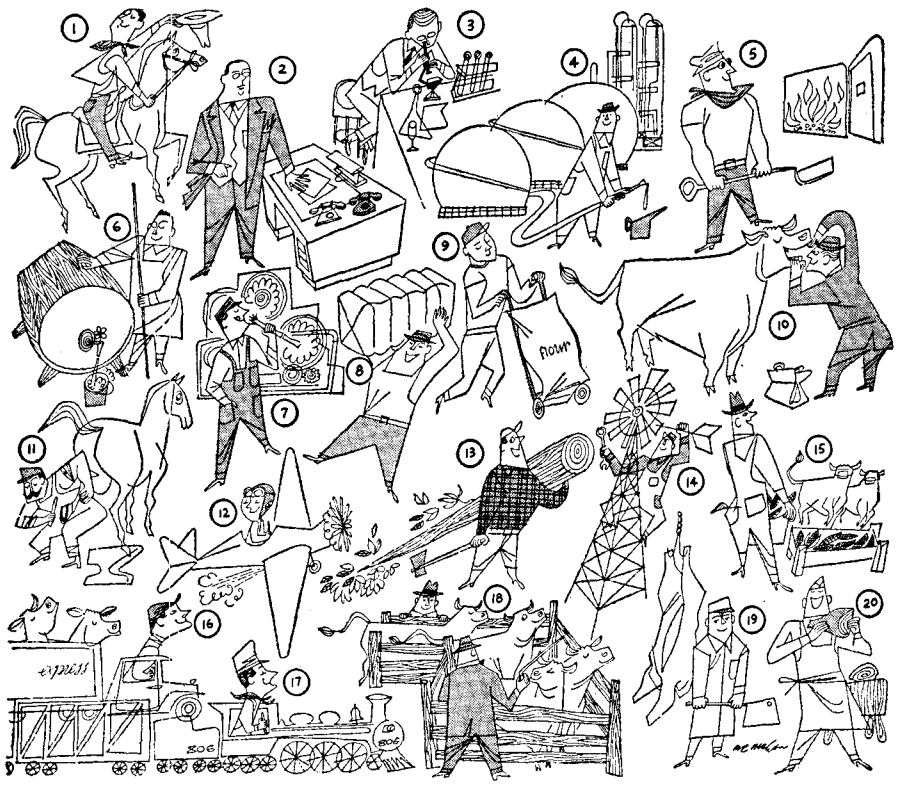
How many people does it take to make a steak?



When you plank the cash on the counter for a slice of sirloin, some of it may represent *your own pay* for the part *you* played in getting that steak to your table.

We'll make ourselves clear.

It takes a lot of people to help produce that steak in this mid-20th-century economy of ours.

The people we've put in the picture above, for instance. And many, many others. Though you may not realize it, some product you, yourself, help make or sell or service may play a part in producing steaks.

1. **The cowboy** or range hand who looks after the cattle.
2. **The banker** who finances land, herd and equipment.
3. **The chemist** who makes insecticides, serums and fertilizers.
4. **The oil refiner** who provides the fuel for the power machinery so many ranchers use.
5. **The steelmaker** who provides a multitude of items, from fencing and branding irons to filing cabinets.
6. **The brewer—7. The sugar refiner—8. The cotton ginner—9. The flour miller** who furnish some of the by-products used to make the livestock feeds with which ranchers and feeders supplement grass.
10. **The veterinary** who looks after the health of the cattle.
11. **The blacksmith** who shoes the horses and repairs ranch machinery.
12. **The airplane pilot** who sprays ranges and fields, destroying pests.
13. **The lumberman** who provides the wood for corrals and barns and pens.
14. **The windmiller** who makes the machinery that keeps man-made ranch water holes working.
15. **The feeder** who takes lean range cattle and puts about 25% more beef on them by intensive feeding.
16. **The truck driver—17. The railroader** who haul cattle to market and meat to you.
18. **The stockyards man** who provides "room and board" for the livestock, and the **commission man** who is sales agent for the producer.
19. **The meat packer** who processes and distributes the beef.
20. **The retailer** who is the final link between all these people . . . and *you*.

American Meat Institute

Headquarters, Chicago • Members throughout the U. S.

at all. We were just as glad because we didn't have another quarter. We know now how *The Saturday Evening Post* must have felt. They paid $65,000 for "MacArthur, 1941-1951" and never used a word of it.

WE SPENT THE evening of our day with the Controversialists in reading a little book called "The True Believer," by Eric Hoffer (Harper, $3). Published in 1951, it is now in its seventh printing—a first book by an unknown, fifty-year-old author, one who, as a child, had almost no money, no schooling at all, and was up to the age of fifteen almost totally blind. When his eyesight miraculously recovered he was seized, as he puts it, "with an enormous hunger for the printed word," and literally gobbled up everything he could lay his hands on. He supported his trips to libraries by working as a migratory field laborer and Nevada gold miner. Today, a longshoreman in San Francisco, he has no family, has lived at the same rooming house for years, and has, outside of what he makes as a longshoreman, no ambition for money. "I don't want it cluttering up my life," he says.

"The True Believer" will not clutter up anybody's life; in many ways it is the most extraordinary book to be published in recent years. With notes ranging from the Talmud to Toynbee, from Homer to Hitler and from Pascal to the Pope, Eric Hoffer has compressed into 166 readable pages the whole history of fanaticism—the story of the true believer who, in his words, "is everywhere on the march, and both by converting and antagonizing is shaping the world in his own image." Already recognized as a classic, this is a book in which there is not a single page without at least one line to underline, one quote to requote, and one idea to remember. Above all, for a tolerant understanding of the Controversialists, whether ex-conservative ultra-radicals or ex-radical ultra-conservatives, this book is essential:

> Though they seem at opposite poles, fanatics of all kinds are actually crowded together at one end. It is the fanatic and the moderate who are poles apart and never meet. The fanatics of various hues eye each other with suspicion and are ready to fly at each other's throat. But they are neighbors and almost of one family. They hate each other with the hatred of brothers. They are as far apart and close together as Saul and Paul. And it is easier for a fanatic Communist to be converted to fascism . . . than to become a sober liberal.

—CLEVELAND AMORY.

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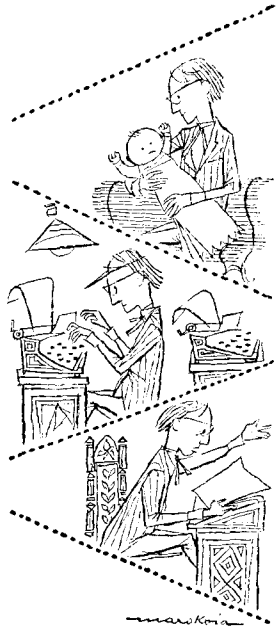
The Saturday Review

SEPTEMBER 25, 1954

HOW WRITERS EARN THEIR LIVINGS



By MALCOLM COWLEY

Poets are still starving (unless the poet had a rich grandfather, marries an heiress, or doubles as an auto-mechanic); fiction writers are down from the palmy days of Scott Fitzgerald ($4,000 per story); non-fiction writers are holding their own: this is the story spelled out by Malcolm Cowley, a critic who wants his victims to eat as well as write. Mr. Cowley's new book, "The Literary Situation," will be published by Viking Press next month.

TO USE a round figure based on the 1950 census, there are 16,000 professional authors in the United States, or about 3,000 more than there were in 1940. These men and women—with other thousands of part-time writers—help to sustain a number of American industries.

Book and magazine publishing in all its branches couldn't exist without them. Compositors and pressmen by the scores of thousands are employed in reproducing what they write. Booksellers and newsdealers distribute it to the public. Librarians catalogue and preserve it. Actors perform it in theatres, in motion-picture studios, and for transmission by radio and television. The advertising industry depends on their work, as printed or performed, to attract an audience that will buy the products of manufacturers who advertise.

Considered as a group, authors play an important part in the economic life of the nation, but they are all dispensable as persons. They must sell their work in a buyers' market, overstocked with articles and stories, and they receive only a minute portion of the wealth they help to create. Those who write books are somewhat more respected than other types of authors, but they create less wealth of a tangible sort and their financial rewards are even smaller. Each new book is a gamble against odds. Aside from the hard-working authors of textbooks, standard juveniles, mysteries, and Westerns, I doubt that 200 Americans earn the major portion of their incomes, year after year, by writing hardcover books.

Today the economic situation of American writers is essentially the same as it was in 1940, although there have been some minor changes and one big change that proved to be temporary. At the end of World War II there was a boom in the literary trades that might have created some new fortunes if it hadn't been for the income tax. All sorts of books were being widely read, and a few romantic novels that were chosen by major book clubs and sold to Hollywood yielded as much as half-a-million dollars to their authors. But the boom ended in 1947 and the situation went back to normal.

Another change, though less dramatic, may have longer-reaching effects on the literary profession. Before World War II there were several hundred authors who could depend on publishers' advances to support them while they were writing books. One of the authors was David Cohn, who explained the system in an article published by *The Saturday Review* in 1940. He compared his situation with that of a tenant farmer always in debt to the plantation store. Said Mr. Cohn, "He is a cotton sharecropper, I am a literary sharecropper. Each of us, by virtue of the system,

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has a certain amount of economic security even if it is at a low level.... If he gets an advance of fifteen dollars a month so that he can eat and clothe himself while he is making a crop, I get a lump-sum advance so that I can eat and clothe myself while I am writing a book. In both cases, whether by calculation or coincidence, the advance seems to be just enough to keep body and soul within hailing distance of each other."

Some authors, like many tenant farmers, never got out of debt and never once received a check for earned royalties, but still their publishers kept giving them new contracts. In the 1950s, however, publishers are working on a smaller margin of profit and have to be more selective. There are fewer small advances, offered on the chance that something publishable might come of them, and fewer big ones too. Because of higher living costs the medium advance—of $1,000-$2,000—no longer feeds and clothes an author while he is writing a book. The sharecropping system hasn't been abandoned, but it is breaking down for authors as it has already broken down for cotton tenants.

The book when written and published is less likely to "hit the jackpot" than in the wartime years; at least the jackpots are smaller. Novels chosen by major book clubs are yielding less than half as much to their authors as they might have yielded in 1945. Hollywood is buying fewer stories and is paying much less for most of those it buys. Soft-cover reprints are a new and important source of income for many writers, but, except in a few cases, they don't yield enough to balance the loss of income from other sources. Bookstore sales are hard to compare for any two decades. It is safe to say, however, that sales of non-fiction books are higher than before World War II, while those of hardcover fiction are lower. In 1953 bookstores sold about three times as many copies of the ten leading non-fiction titles as of the ten leading novels.

Authors' royalties on bookstore sales are a little lower in percentages than in 1940 and a great deal lower than in 1910. Before the First World War 20 per cent of the retail price was a very common royalty for popular novels; Kipling was paid 30 per cent. After 1925 15 per cent became the maximum and it was reached at the end of a sliding scale: many contracts called for a 10 per cent royalty on the first 2,500 copies sold, 12.5 per cent on the next 2,500, and 15 per cent after 5,000. In the 1950s the maximum is still 15 per cent, but it isn't offered in all cases and the sliding scale has lengthened out, with royalties rising after 5,000 and 10,000 copies sold, instead of after 2,500 and 5,000.

Often the royalties are now based on the wholesale rather than the retail price of the book, at a higher percentage figure that ends by yielding a little but not much less money to the author. By either method of computing royalties, a novel priced at $3.50 will earn about $1,750 in royalties for the first 5,000 copies sold. It will earn a little less than $4,000 for the first 10,000 and, depending on the royalty basis, a little more or less than $9,000 for 20,000. If the sale goes to 20,000, however, there will almost always be magazine sales or subsidiary rights—book club, movie, soft-cover reprint—to add to the author's earnings.

IN THE 1950s not many novels each year have had a bookstore sale of 20,000 copies. Twelve thousand is the number that has acquired a magical value for publishers. They are naturally and professionally courteous to authors—except to the obviously incompetent—but the author of a serious novel that has sold more than 12,000 copies can count on being received by them with special consideration. The word is passed from desk to desk, "Jack Ribblesdale is here." The youngest file clerk finds an errand that carries her past the open door of the room where he is sitting in conference with the senior editor. "He's handsomer than in the photographs," she reports to her friends on the eighth floor. Ribblesdale is taken out to lunch at an expensive restaurant, given free copies of books by other authors, and perhaps there will be a coming-out party for his new novel at a Park Avenue hotel—though there aren't half so many of those parties in the 1950s as there were before World War II.

The author whose sales haven't reached the magical figure of 12,000 is received with consideration, but he causes less commotion in the office and isn't asked out to lunch at such

(Continued on page 36)

The Somersville Scene

(Like many who have lived before me I cannot prove—I can only affirm.)

By M. A. DeWolfe Howe

NOW must I do without believing
Some things that reason cannot prove—
As that the beauty of this Heron Cove
Would be quite past conceiving
In other haunts of beauty, where
No placid tidal waters show
Through branches of the pointed firs,
Where no such broader waters flow
Beside an eastward rolling field that spurs
The eye to mountain slopes beyond, above
Our lower realms of air?
This beauty past compare
I cannot prove—but it is there!

Nor can I prove that one I loved,
Too humble to let others see
In what a sphere she moved,
Bore with her to another sphere such wit
And tenderness as now no longer be.
This too, unproved, is utter truth to me.

So here by Heron Cove still pondering,
Musing on mysteries,
With bird-songs, silvered clouds, dark trees,
With peace and beauty steeping all of it,
'Tis but a step from pondering to wondering
If God, himself so near, may one day spread
His rule of love, and arm the spirit-led
To overthrow the brawling crew
Of thing-slaved men who flout his word.
No proof that this can be has yet been heard,
But in my heart of hearts remains unmoved
A faith not yet by reason proved.

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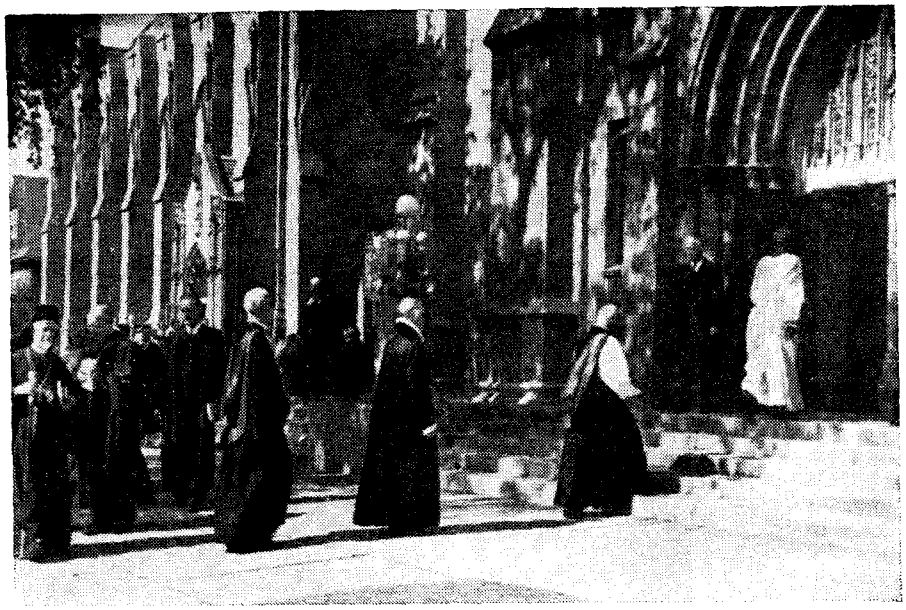

—*United Press.*

Orthodox and Protestant prelates at Evanston—"a microcosm of the Christian World."

THE WORLD of the Cross

By LISTON POPE, *Gilbert L. Stark professor of social ethics and dean of the Divinity School at Yale University.*

FRESH hopes and new ventures toward a world community emerged clearly from the second planetary assembly of the World Council of Churches at Evanston, Illinois, during the last two weeks of August. The unanimity reached there on the most pressing problems of the present world were the more surprising in view of the heterogeneity of the thirteen hundred official participants. These had almost nothing in common but their religious faith and the fact that they were official representatives of 179 Protestant and Orthodox church bodies, including every major Christian group in the world except the Roman Catholic Church.

The delegates and other official participants represented a sizable percentage of mankind—about 200,000,000 people in fifty-four nations. For a fortnight Evanston became one of the most exotic communities on earth; black gowns of bearded archbishops from Greece, crimson robes of metropolitans from India, magneta tunics of the Archbishop of Canterbury and his colleagues, and various colorful native dress.

Diversity in dress was equaled by the variety of native tongues. English, French, and German were the official languages at the various sessions, but it is significant that English is rapidly becoming the accepted language of the "ecumenical movement" (the movement toward worldwide unity in the churches). A German theologian observed that two types of people attend ecumenical meetings: those who speak English by nature and those who speak English by grace.

Distinctions of greater import might have divided the assembly hopelessly. Nearly every form of church organization was represented, from the Religious Society of Friends, which is dubious about a professional clergy, to the Orthodox patriarchates in which archbishops have immense power. It was not possible for all delegates to join in a common service of the Lord's Supper; though a large majority could participate in any one of several rites, it was necessary to have half-a-dozen diverse services in order to include all groups. General attitudes toward organic union in the future between various denominations ranged from a vigorous desire for such union to a flat announcement by one body that the other denominations could expect to unite with it only on its own unqualified terms.

The daily press attempted to emphasize political differences among the churchmen, though the latter appeared to be little concerned about them. In particular, the presence of fifteen delegates from behind the Iron Curtain (from Hungary, Czechoslovakia, and East Germany) was dramatized in news reports and by the efforts of a Congressional Subcommittee to interrogate them—efforts resisted successfully by American leaders of the World Council as being clearly improper. (In this connection, it should be reported that all non-Americans who applied early enough obtained visas to enter the United States for the purpose of attending the church gathering.) The pronouncements of the assembly reveal no traces of subversive influence; on the contrary, delegates from Communist nations voted to approve documents that may cause them embarrassment or persecution back home. For the most part their fellow-delegates regarded their presence as a happy demonstration of the deeper unity of the church in a divided world, and accepted them as courageous fellow-Christians.

AS WAS perhaps to be expected in a religious gathering of such dimensions, sharp theological disagreements emerged early in the discussions and persisted to the end. They focused especially on the "main theme" of the meeting: "Christ—the Hope of the World." Most Americans tended to emphasize the hope for improvement here and now, as well as the anticipation of ultimate redemption. Most Europeans preferred to discount human progress and put their faith in the world to come or in the "Second Coming of Christ." Americans emphasized man's present responsibilities; Europeans placed reliance solely in God. There were diverse opinions within each group, and the cleavage along continental lines was by no means absolute. But many Europeans concluded that their American colleagues were largely humanistic and non-Biblical rather than specifically Christian, and many Americans found it difficult to distinguish between current European theology and the Fundamentalism that bedeviled American churches a generation ago.

Spirited debate took place in small sectional meetings devoted to study of social issues, but virtual unanimity was achieved at last on such questions—questions on which the world in general is deeply divided. The entire assembly went on record as opposed to any form of segregation based on race, color, or ethnic origins, with only a restrained protest from representatives of the Dutch Reformed Churches in South Africa. It received without blinking a report opposing

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any law against racial intermarriage and supporting the right of a Christian, after due consideration and spiritual discipline, to break unjust and discriminatory laws, "when he feels that he has reached that point where the honor and glory of God command him to obey God rather than man." The same report declared that "separation solely on the grounds of race is abhorrent in the eyes of God." No individual church or denomination has ever spoken more vigorously and unequivocally on racial questions than did this world gathering.

ON economic questions the assembly was considerably more conservative than the first assembly of the World Council at Amsterdam in 1948; the *Chicago Tribune* surmised that its pronouncements in this area had come nearer to the GOP platform! Its discussion group on "the responsible society"—the term "democracy" is not viable in ecumenical circles—was severely critical of Marxist ideology, and it placed emphasis on the desirability of a private sector in the economy. Praise for the businessman and the skilled executive sounded a new note in church resolutions, as did concern for production as well as a more equitable distribution of economic goods. At the same time, it was concluded that no one form of economic organization is universally valid, and that the church cannot uncritically support any particular system.

A similar conclusion was reached with respect to forms of government: "No one form of government has a universal claim on Christians," but elementary human rights and political freedoms are essential to the prevention of tyranny.

The positions enunciated on international affairs were clearer and more positive than American public opinion appears to be at the moment. Declaring world peace to be the goal of Christians everywhere, the assembly called for the prohibition of all weapons of mass destruction, with provision for international inspection and control of atomic facilities. Totalitarianism was denounced repeatedly, but the doctrine that war is inevitable was likewise repudiated. No alternative remained except that of "coexistence," though that particular term was rejected because of its unhappy historical significance and some of its current political implications. Instead the churchmen preferred the phrase "living together in a divided world."

The future of international relations was envisaged as a development from peaceful competition among nations to genuine cooperation to reconciliation. Great reliance was placed in the

(*Continued on page* 36)

FICTION

—*From jacket by Eisenberg, for "The Flint Anchor."*

A "Good" Man's Failure

"The Flint Anchor," by Sylvia Townsend Warner *(Viking Press. 314 pp. $3.75), is the story of Anchor House in Norfolkshire and the family of John Barnard that lived there in the last century.*

By Walter Havighurst

ANCHOR HOUSE in Loseby Parish, Norfolk, we are told, is now the office of the Loseby Rural District Council; it has suffered the decline of many family houses in England. But Sylvia Townsend Warner's fine novel "The Flint Anchor" shows it occupied by the Barnard family, especially by John Barnard, who overshadows his wife and children as a nineteenth-century father might do.

It is a Georgian house, brick built, with long narrow windows and stone coigns. Like a keystone, centered between the first-floor windows, a flint anchor is embedded in the brickwork. Embedded as firmly in Anchor House is John Barnard, who lives out his life during the changing years of Grey, Peel, and Palmerston. His children change with the times, but John Barnard is impervious as flint. Or he was, until the end—when his last request was that his grave be marked "Lord, be merciful to me, a sinner."

In this period novel the people are timeless. The purblind, insensitive, overpossessive father; the mother growing fat, red-faced, overfond of wine; the older son, who deserts his father for the West Indies; the beautiful Mary, who was won away from her father, but not to keep; the frustrated Ellen; the finally defiant Euphemia; and the youngest, Wilberforce, frozen by the climate of Anchor House and at last hearing his father's confession of failure—these make up the family with its tensions and antagonisms. John Barnard had a favorite. He doted on his daughter Mary; she could do no wrong, the others could not do right. But at last he realized that he had sacrificed his wife and the other children to that inordinate love. He died without delusion and without faith. But his family did not carry out his final instruction. His burial tablet reads: ". . . a devoted Husband and Father, an example of industry, enterprise, and benevolence to his native town. . . ."

An example of industry he was, with his shipping and chandlery business flourishing despite the ups and downs, the "crosses and vexations," of his family life. But it is his shortcomings that are revealed in this novel and that are borne in on him at the end.

An unpretentious novel, developing deliberately and sometimes obliquely, "The Flint Anchor" achieves an increasing texture and intensity. Its cool style can be cutting, as in the sketch of Simon Kettle, publisher of moral tracts and exploiter of child labor; and it can be regretful, as in Tom Kettle's voyage on the *Mary Lucinda*. Years ago someone said that Sylvia Townsend Warner, who has composed music, writes like a composer. Then she was writing fantasies, and "The Flint Anchor" is wholly real. But she still writes like one who has heard it all in her mind before putting it on paper.

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Sound, Decent Man

"The Beggars in the Sun." by Paul Darcy Boles *(Macmillan. 217 pp. $3), is the story of Carp Rando, an odd-job man in the Deep South, who set out to buy his wife a hound pup and the adventures that befell him on the way.*

By Cid Ricketts Sumner

IN an age of distrust and uneasiness, in a time when the so-called common man has been either over-exalted or too greatly debased in fiction, it is reassuring to come upon a story like Paul Darcy Boles's "The Beggars in the Sun," in which a hero who is a common man is essentially sound and decent. It is more difficult to write an interesting story about a good man than about an evil one. That Mr. Boles has succeeded is an indication of his skill. His hero, Carp Rambo, should by right of birth and environment have been poor white trash. But he is not trash. He possesses, moreover, that understanding of his fellows, that innate sympathy and wisdom which seem to be wholly unrelated to education or position in the world. He has also—and this gives his story some of its best passages—a great awareness and appreciation of the natural world around him.

The scene is the Deep South, and it has the very smell of reality about it. Although the city is not named, it is without doubt Mobile, for we have the familiar streets, Bienville Square, the white oystershell roads in the country, the muddy river, the Gulf, Dauphine Island, and other recognizable place names. Mr. Boles has a true ear for the vernacular, for choosing the right, the often poetic and always vivid phrase. Were this not true the language might well become tiresome, since Carp tells the story in his own words.

Carp, an odd-job man, a natural musician with an aversion for regular work, is twenty-four. His "old woman" is nineteen, and she has "a kind of hell-raking proud look to her . . . and if you dressed her up to match that look she'd put other women to shame the way a bluejay shames a blackbird." She has a sharp tongue too, but Carp puts up with it because he is an easy-going man.

The story opens as Carp is setting out to spend his last few dollars for the hound pup she has been pestering him for. Rather inadvertently, through a rascally but obliging friend, he picks up a job to sing and play his guitar in the Magnolia bar. The owner gives him an advance so

—Thigpen.

Paul Darcy Boles—"smell of reality."

he is able to go to Hattram's kennels to get the finest hound pup there is. Hattram is a Senator's son, a playboy and a bully who amuses himself raising hounds. Carp gets his pup, sings for Hattram's wife, Ellen, and gets her, too—a bit swiftly, it seems to this reader, even in the year 1954. His affair with Ellen is rather like the song he sang for her that morning—"a tune that cleaves to the roof of your mouth and comes out rushing and wild and lovely as sin in a haystack and yet full of all the world's power, and innocent as a white lamb newly born." And when the story is done and they have met for the last time it seems to Carp that the end is neither sad nor empty; it is just something that happened. Ellen, who has been unhappy and lost, like "the beggars who come out on Fridays to look for something that will keep them alive," has been restored to herself, and Carp has even given her husband a chance to become a man.

This book has a quality of its own; it is written with a sure hand. Mr. Boles has the gift of bringing a character to life with a phrase, a line or two. Even the hound pup remains with us as a real personality.

—Thomas Channing.

James Yaffe—"a sardonic fate."

A Search for Values

"What's the Big Hurry?" by James Yaffe *(Little, Brown. 331 pp. $3.75), tells of Dan Waxman, successful Chicago businessman, who wanders the globe in an effort to find peace with himself after his values collapse during the Twenties.*

By Max Wilk

IN THE late 1920s Dan Waxman was a successful Chicago businessman. He was head accountant for one branch of a large utilities kingdom controlled by a man not unlike the late Samuel Insull, whom Dan worshiped as the epitome of power. Dan was a co-founder of a golf club, he patronized the opera, he was happily married to a good wife, Sarah, and wherever he went he found life sweet and satisfying to the taste.

When, like the inevitable collapse of a dry-rotted timber, the utilities structure failed Dan was as stunned as the rest of his friends and fellow investors. But there was a cruel and sardonic turn to his affairs. His friends, his locker-room and luncheon cronies turned fiercely upon him, holding him personally responsible for their reverses. Had he not advised them, out of his own faith, to hold their investments? Had he not escaped from the debacle with most of his money safe in Government bonds? Dan's unfaltering faith in the honesty of others proved to be the cause of his own Gehenna. Scorned, insulted, a pariah, he angrily gathered up his family and left behind the sweet Chicago world turned so terribly sour.

The balance of James Yaffe's "What's the Big Hurry?" chronicles Dan's nomadic travels across America, to Europe and back, always with faithful Sarah at his side, searching for a place where he might feel comfortable, free of the reverberations of his past. It is a long and dreadful quarter century later that Dan, having tested the rest of the world and found it lacking, can come back to Chicago to find that most of his friends have forgotten. At last he and Sarah can settle down to an old age of comparative peace. The wanderings are over.

There is a good deal of the classic Greek tragedy in this story. Dan Waxman, with a trifle more dimension and stature, could easily be a Euripidean hero, driven by his own private furies, sparring desperately with a sardonic fate over which he has little control. In contemporary

(*Continued on page* 29)

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The Founding Fathers' Shadows

***"Understanding the American Past," written and edited by Edward N. Saveth** (Little, Brown. 613 pp. $6), presents a cross-section of the writing on American history done in our own time. John D. Hicks, who reviews it here, is Morrison professor of history at the University of California at Berkeley.*

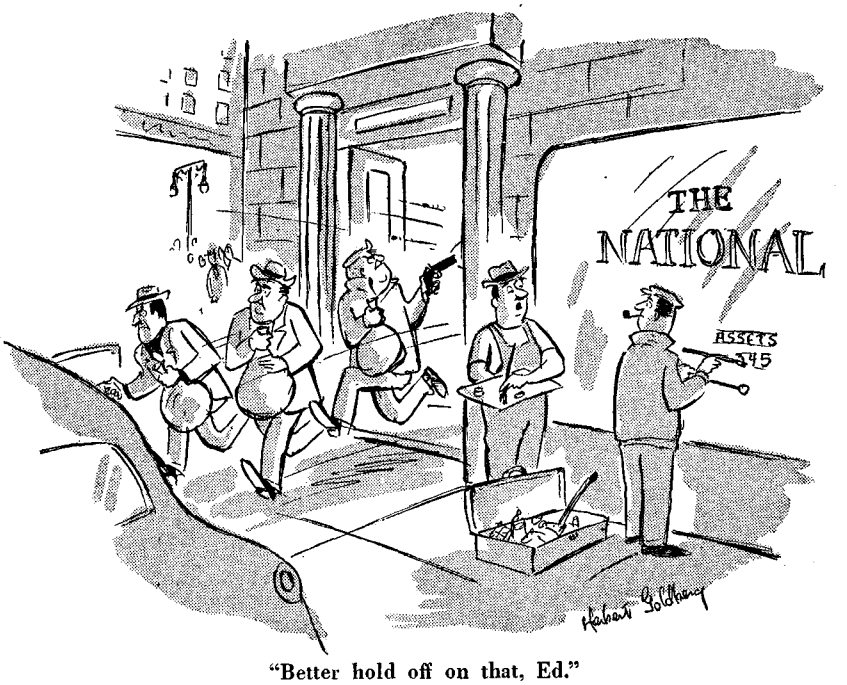
By John D. Hicks

ANTHOLOGIES, or more prosaically books of readings, on American history are painfully plentiful, but Edward N. Saveth's "Understanding the American Past" probably justifies its existence. The editor's introductory essay on "Historical Understanding in Democratic America" is an excellent sixty-page summary of the history of American history, designed to explain to the lay reader how contemporary standards of historical craftsmanship have evolved. Then follow thirty selections, not from the old masters, but from writers of our own period, most of whom, indeed, are still actively at work and have a future as well as a past. There are a few choices from writers whose deaths occurred only recently, recently enough that the reviewer, whose antiquity is not phenomenal, has met and known all but one of them, Henry Adams. All the selections have an unmistakable air of contemporaneity about them. It is the historical scholarship of today, and not of years gone by, that the editor means to feature. To make this crystal clear he prefaces each selection with a few paragraphs calling attention to other recent writers on the same subject, and other recent interpretations.

While the presentation of a cross-section of current American historical thought was obviously the editor's primary purpose, he has been at pains also to cover as completely as possible the whole field of American history. Thus the readings begin with a selection by Samuel Eliot Morison on "The Puritan Tradition," and end with one by Henry Steele Commager on the "American Character" as of today. No two historians given the same assignment could possibly have chosen identical selections; this reviewer, for example, cannot understand how such subjects as the reconstruction period following the Civil War, and Midwestern agricultural discontent, could have received so little attention. Few will quarrel, however, with the selections Mr. Saveth has made. They are all good. But to tie these excerpts together into a meaningful whole the reader will either have to know his American history pretty well or else consult frequently one of those "drab" textbooks that the editor so much deplores.

ANY taster of this sampling must be impressed with the earnestness American historians are showing in their effort to make the past shed light upon the present, and point the way to a better future. As Carl Becker once observed, "What We Didn't Know Hurt Us a Lot." How then can we know what we should know? The answer is not easy to come by. Too many historians are so acutely present-minded that they see in the past only what they have in mind to see. Marcus L. Hansen's essay on "The Third Generation American," one of the finest in the series here reproduced, suggests as applicable to all fields of historical study "the principle of the third-generation interest." Whatever the theme, whether immigration or the frontier hypothesis or the causes of either of our two world wars, one gathers that it takes about three generations to outlive the emotions that dictate our various "frames of reference." Only after the original writers, the revisionists, and the re-revisionists have each done their jobs can we count on the rule of commonsense to come to the rescue. Hence, in spite of a plethora of historical documents, the recent past still remains the dark ages of our history. People, including even the historians, always know so much about their own times that isn't true.

Probably most historians, in moments of pessimism, wonder if the saying "We learn from history that we cannot learn from history" isn't uncomfortably true. As the editor points out on his first page, "Relatively few people read history." Possibly, as he implies, the little that is read goes a long way; what the historians find out reaches the multitudes by some process of social osmosis, and motivates them. If this be true, and we hope that it is, this book should serve a useful end. Graduate students working for their Ph.D.s will certainly read and commit to memory the introductory essay on historiography; a good many of them and some others, also, will read some of the accompanying selections. Even if the general reader passes this book up, as he is very likely to do, some of what it has to teach may yet percolate down to him, maybe through one of those dreadful "captive classroom audiences" if he is young enough to be of student age, or through the admonitions of preachers, publicists, and politicians if he is not. And, to revise Becker a bit, "Whatever We Can Know About Our Past Should Help Us a Lot."



"Better hold off on that, Ed."

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—By Nick Eggenhofer, from "The Chisholm Trail."

Full-Fleshed Stonewall

"They Called Him Stonewall," by Burke Davis *(Rinehart. 470 pp. $5), is a biography of Thomas J. Jackson, the South's favorite general. Fletcher Pratt, who reviews it below, is the author of "A Short History of the Civil War" and other works in the field.*

By Fletcher Pratt

SOUTHERNERS have always regarded General Thomas J. Jackson as something of a peculiar possession. He epitomizes an attitude, an entire pattern of thought. He never met disaster, like Floyd, Pemberton, Hood, and Early; unlike Lee's and Joe Johnston's, his story does not fade out into a twilight of surrender. He died at the crest of the greatest (and last) victory of the Army of Northern Virginia. He was gay and gallant enough to be almost cavalier, yet intensely religious, and there were enough contradictions in his nature to make him a peculiarly interesting subject of discussion.

The attitude that the Confederacy really won the Civil War spiritually, and it's too damn bad the victory was not completed in the physical domain, has never been better expressed than in Burke Davis's new biography, "They Called Him Stonewall." It is intensely, almost excruciatingly partisan—and just as intensely interesting. For the first time Jackson emerges as a person, something more than a heroic plaster figure on which a series of eccentricities was rather inexplicably glued. The hard childhood, the burning sense of duty to God and man, the genuine affection for his family, so vividly expressed, are woven together into a single warp and woof. We see him not only as he looked to his staff and his soldiers, but also as he looked to his wife, which in a literary sense is a much more difficult thing for any writer to present.

Since Jackson's importance was as a soldier the military passages, the marches and battles, are the most important part of the book. They are of a piece with the rest. The Federal troops are always falling into panic and rout, in spite of their simply incredible numbers. But the picture of what goes on in an army, what goes on in a battle, what happens to a commander while the battle is going on, remains firm. The enemy remains as an almost impersonal force to be contended with, but the smoke of their artillery drifts across the fields with the utmost realism, their shells scream and burst and kill old friends bloodily, and after the battle under the rain a column of troops moves wearily along a road behind a caisson that bears a corpse with its head shot off and a handkerchief covering the place where the head had been.

THAT is, this is a picture of war, *our* war, the Civil War, in which no one else in the world can possibly share. We do not have to quarrel about details. The wounded men picked up on the field spoke the same language as the surgeons who attended them; Stonewall Jackson spent his holidays on Lake Ontario, and if there be distortions in the book they are distortions which but redound to the credit of all Americans. Jackson's singular inactivity at Mechanicsville and Frayser's Farm are not explained, but since they are not explained by so perceptive a biographer they probably never will be; and we can but accept what is offered, which is one of the better books about the war and, indeed, a necessary one to all who are interested.

Texas Bloodstream

"The Chisholm Trail," by Wayne Gard *(University of Oklahoma Press. 296 pp. $4.50), tells the story of the most famous of the trails over which Texas cattlemen drove their merchandise to market during two romantic decades after the Civil War. Below it is reviewed by Walter Prescott Webb, professor of history at the University of Texas and author of "The Great Plains."*

By Walter Prescott Webb

IN EVERY story of the swarming of Texas cattle northward after the Civil War the Chisholm Trail is sure to have a place. It has become a symbol of an economic and social process that supplied hungry cities with meat, stocked the grasslands of seventeen states with cattle, and put much-needed money in the pockets of many war-busted Texans. And it was not only the cattle that swarmed, for men went with them as cowboys and cowmen; many of them stayed to give the grassy states a slow drawl, many peace officers, and an un-Yankee outlook on life. Their descendants are there today, still voting the Democratic ticket and preserving memories of the Civil War.

In his new book, "The Chisholm Trail," Wayne Gard has focused the lens of scholarship on the subject as no previous student has. He has done more to enable us to see just what it was, where it began, and where it ended, and what went on along and around it than any other. He read thirty-one manuscripts, eleven university theses, twelve public records, fourteen public documents, sixty-five newspaper files, fifty-eight periodicals, fifteen pamphlets, and 117 books! His chief contribution comes from the newspapers he examined from Texas to Chicago and New York. He has told more about Joseph G. McCoy, the founder of Abilene, than I have seen elsewhere.

What we have here is more than the history of the Chisholm Trail, but less than that of the cattle trails of the West. The author deals with no drives west of the 100th meridian, and therefore tells us nothing of the movement of cattle to the Far-Western states. According to his maps, of which there are two, the Chisholm Trail began at the southern tip of Texas and extended no further than Missouri and Kansas, and in Kansas no further west than Dodge City. Actually the cattle moved on to the

(*Continued on page* 33)

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From Malabar to Calicut

"Just Half a World Away," by Jean Lyon *(Thomas Y. Crowell. 373 pp. $5), and* ***"Around India," by John Seymour*** *(John Day Co. 255 pp. $4.95), both offer impressions of present-day India, the first seen through the eyes of a woman who grew up in China, the latter as experienced by an adventurous Briton. John Frederick Muehl, who reviews them below, is the author of "Interview with India" and other books.*

By John Frederick Muehl

THE attitude of most Americans toward Asia, it has been remarked, runs in cycles. We vacillate between knowing everything one day and knowing nothing the next. In one frame of mind we make glib generalizations like, "The whole problem of China is the problem of land"; in another, we say, "There is not an army in Asia which could stand against three American divisions." Unhappily, but inevitably, these generalizations prove wrong and it is then that we swing to the other extreme, making dark allusions to "the Oriental mind" or, if we are more sophisticated, to "the Asian viewpoint."

Each of these positions is equally dangerous. We *can* understand the people of the Far East, but only if we take the trouble to study them systematically. One could document these cycles from the publishers' lists. It was not too long ago that each new book on Asia was described on the dust jacket, and too often by the reviewers, as a book which dealt with "the *real* China" or "the *real* India." The assumption apparently was that Asia was susceptible to sudden comprehension, like a mathematical equation. Or perhaps it was all like the Chinese Ring Puzzle; once you know the system the whole thing is easy.

Now we have swung to the other extreme. Caution and subjectivity are the current virtues, and today the lists abound with safe titles like "My India" or "China to Me." Somewhere between the extremes there must be a mean, an ideal, which is neither apologetic nor pretentious. Responsibility and humility are not really antithetical.

TAKE "Just Half a World Away," by Jean Lyons, for example. Without doubt Miss Lyons knows a lot about India, and in the main—that is, apart from the point at issue—hers is a solidly written and sensible book. Miss Lyons has the background for this kind of writing. Her childhood, we are told, was lived largely in China, and she has spent many of her adult years in traveling over the world, through Europe and South America and, more recently, in India.

"Just Half a World Away" is something better than reportage; it is the kind of thing a reporter cannot do. Very largely it is a recollection of those personal experiences which, in spite of their importance, are not allowable as news. There is an interlude in the villages both at the beginning and at the end which serves to keep Miss Lyons's book in proportion, while in between there are a number of very interesting excursions into politics, religion, and social commentary.

Miss Lyons makes many of her points through her characters, but, happily, she has avoided the temptation to exploit them, and it seems clear from her writing that she has that enviable ability to find the common ground between people rather than being irked by their differences. Vallathol the poet, Krishnamurty the journalist, and Bhave are all made to come alive as people, which is not to say that they are sentimentalized; at least Bhave is treated with a very perceptive irony.

But still something is missing from Miss Lyons's book and we might almost read the title "Just Half a World" for, though her experiences are enlightening and well reported, they are offered as fragments and fragments they remain. There are fine, flashing insights from time to time, but the point is: they are flashes, there is no steady light, so that at the end of the book one feels as if he had been given a jigsaw puzzle with some pieces missing.

I don't feel that this results from a lack of knowledge; it is rather our habitual, and unbecoming, modesty, our too great insistence that facts speak for themselves, even if it turns out they have little to say.

John Seymour's book, "Around India," is another example. Of the two books Miss Lyons's is probably the more perceptive, but for various stylistic and personal reasons most readers will find Seymour's the more interesting reading.

Unconventional from the outset, Seymour arrived in India as a crew member on a country-craft sailing ship, and his story begins with the consternation of the authorities when they try to place him in some bureaucratic category. One can see this as symbolic, for the rest of the book is a revolt against the cliches of thought and action, a kind of tour de force of a quixotic personality in which only the scenery is recognizable.

Seymour begins in the South, the seat of orthodoxy, with some reflections on the basic patterns of Indian life. Then in a kind of casual way he works west and north through the various cultures and communities of India. He spends time along the way

Jean Lyon—"flashing insights."

John Seymour—"tour de force."

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—*Pletcher in* The Sioux City Journal.

"Off for Formosa?"

on the Malabar coast prodding about into the customs of the White Jews and the Syrian Christians, and he finds time to stop off at the Kolar gold fields and visit several model villages.

It seems as if Seymour must have landed in India with little or no money and sponged his way across the Indian peninsula, using his characters practically, as well as literarily. At any rate, his course seems more to have been dictated by economic opportunism than by any clear plan and one gets the impression that he seldom knew where he was going until someone came along and offered him a ride. Of course, in context this all becomes an advantage. The one thing about the book which strikes the reader most favorably is the very humble approach of Mr. Seymour to his subject, reminiscent in a way of George Orwell's "Down and Out" pieces. Not that Seymour is as good a writer; as a matter of fact, he is rather uneven. But he is an interesting and engaging personality, right in the center of his book.

I WISH there were about two more chapters in "Around India." I wish that at the end the author had drawn together his diverse observations of people and places into something suggestive of a consistent theme. I am sure that Mr. Seymour would balk at the idea, for if there is a chief fault in his book it is a kind of wilful messiness. He tries so hard to avoid taking positions that we almost expect him to collapse on the ground.

The tradition of the "documentary" demands some unity. The theme isn't left out; it is implied rather than stated. One almost gets nostalgic for "the *real* India" again. Almost, but never quite.

Mandarin Red

"Modern China's Foreign Policy," by Werner Levi *(University of Minnesota Press. 399 pp. $5.50), describes the methods that country has adopted in coping with other nations. Professor Harold M. Vinacke of the University of Cincinnati, who reviews it below, is the author of "A History of the Far East in Modern Times" and other volumes.*

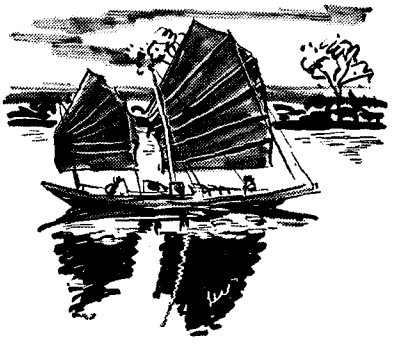
By Harold M. Vinacke

UNTIL recently China had no foreign policy in the conventional usage of the term. During much of modern times she was an object of international rivalry rather than a participant in international politics. Thus most writers on the foreign relations of China approached the subject in terms of the effect on China of the policies and activities of other states.

The title of Werner Levi's "Modern Foreign Policy" promises something different. Professor Levi has sought, if not to reverse the approach, at least to set forth the methods considered and used by the Chinese for the sake of national survival. In the first half of the volume he considers, at some length, domestic developments as they were forced or planned as reactions to the foreign impact on the country. Yet, despite the change in focus, the result is very similar to that of many others who have treated the same subject from a view of China as a problem in international politics. Professor Levi does bring out more positively than many other writers the extent of the preoccupation of Chinese officialdom with the development of ways of maintaining their country's independence and integrity. His treatment would have been stronger, however, if he had not relied so exclusively on foreign reporting of Chinese views and Governmental policy-reactions. His large section of notes indicates not only the industry of the author but also the extent to which he has relied on foreign statements about the policy of China and the Chinese.

Professor Levi is preoccupied with the effects on China of the policies of the Western states and Japan through the First World War. As a consequence, he fails to develop a full explanation of China's nineteenth-century policies with respect to Tongking, Formosa, and Korea. A fuller treatment of the Chinese position and policies in those countries would have helped to lay the groundwork for the final chapter, "Realizing Ambitions in Asia." It would have been useful, in that same connection, if the author had, at various stages of his earlier consideration of China's foreign policy, dealt with the relations of the communities of overseas Chinese, especially those in Southeast Asia, with China, and of the policies of the several Chinese Governments toward them.

THE second half of the book deals with the period after World War I, when China began to feel sufficiently at home in the modern world to assert a right to a voice in matters that concerned her. With the growth of nationalism, and especially after the establishment of the National Government, as Professor Levi makes clear, China's foreign policy became less exclusively a choice between available reactions to the foreign policies of other states than had previously been the case. The Chinese Government began to take the initiative, moving with considerable success toward the liquidation of "Western imperialism" during the Kuomintang period of control (1928-1949). It is at this point also that the author begins to make his study more definitely one of foreign policy rather than one of the effect of foreign relations on domestic development. This is especially true in the last five chapters in which he deals with the theory of Communist foreign policy, the Hate-America Campaign, the alliance with the Soviet Union, the bid for Asian leadership, and the realizing of ambitions in Asia. The reader will find these the most rewarding chapters of the book.



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Nam, Minh, and U. S.

***"Report on Indo-China," by Bernard Newman** (Frederick A. Praeger. 245 pp. $4), is an English journalist's account of conditions in Vietnam, Laos, and Cambodia before the recent French withdrawal. Michael James, who reviews it below, covered the Indo-Chinese war for* The New York Times.

By Michael James

UNTIL he left Indo-China late in 1951 to go home to France and die of cancer Marshal Jean de Lattre de Tassigny often expressed some strong opinions on the war he was running there, and the natives he was trying hard to guide along a safe course. If Indo-China fell to the Communists, De Lattre would insist, then Siam, Burma, and Malaya would be doomed. This would cut the free world in half and leave it doomed to eventual Communist conquest.

The way to stop this, De Lattre would add, was to keep the Viet-Minh at bay while a strong Vietnamese army was built up. The enemy would have to be held off by the French with heavy materiél and economic contributions—frankly from the United States. Public Vietnamese confidence would grow—they would gladly come to fight the Reds—and *voila,* that was the solution.

There was never much doubt in the minds of Westerners in Indo-China at the time that De Lattre was completely sincere. There was also no doubt that the tough old soldier —who wore the cloak of military commander as well as that of political High Commissioner—was getting somewhere with his program.

The formula was also neat and logical—a far different thing from the chaotic Paris line on Indo-China before De Lattre took the command and after he died. Public information officers among both the French and the Vietnamese happily adopted De Lattre's plan, and continued to repeat it by rote to anyone who would listen, long after it had become simply something out of a more rosy past.

"Report on Indo-China," by Bernard Newman, an Englishman who has produced a vast number of books on subjects ranging from adventurous spy novels through Middle-European politics to tales for kiddies, is a fine review of what might have happened but did not in Indo-China.

The book, which was previously published in England, and presumably before the conclusion of the Geneva conference, is tragically dated.

Much of the volume is a sort of guidebook to Vietnam, Laos, and Cambodia. Mr. Newman went out to look and listen, and has put together some interesting, though not overly-scholarly observations on his travels.

The meat of the volume, however, deals with the efforts and hopes of the French and non-Communist natives. Like many others who have been in Indo-China, Mr. Newman has praise for what the French have been able to do for the natives. From there he goes on to the old De Lattre plan. He is confident that the war against Ho Chi Minh and his Chinese Communist assistants will be fought to a successful end—for if they should win Asia and probably the world would be lost to the Communists.

Which makes sad reading indeed today.

Notes

WHY SHANGHAI IS GREAT: Although Rhoads Murphey, a geographer who can and does use Chinese scholarship effectively, deals with the setting of Shanghai and with its history in **"Shanghai: Key to Modern China"** (Harvard University Press, $4.50), he is most interesting in his account of the city's position as the leading commercial and manufacturing center of China.

After firmly establishing the importance of water transport in the economy of China both in the traditional period and in the present era of greater change, he shows how Shanghai's preeminence rests upon its nodal location between the inland waters and the sea: its location at the coastal debouchement of the largest internal system of waterways gave the city an importance quite aside from its being a center of foreign-managed trade. This close connection between Shanghai's position in commerce and China's water transport is pointed up in several ways, notably in regard to the silk, tea, and egg trade. Mr. Murphey's study of Shanghai's rice supply leads him to the important conclusion that China is, so far as production methods go, self-sufficient in food. China's drawing upon overseas sources of rice is a matter of comparative costs of transportation. In manufacturing, Shanghai's dominance rested, again, upon its advantages in transportation for marketing and, also, upon very cheap electric power. As to the future, Mr. Murphey sees the possibility of other centers rising to challenge Shanghai, especially in manufacturing. But as long as China's remarkable system of waterways remains important in spite of increases in land transport, Shanghai will have a significant role in China's trade, and, yes, industry.

Mr. Murphey's book is another measure of America's coming of age in Chinese studies and an important contribution to our knowledge of that country's economy.

—JOHN MUSGRAVE.

JOURNALIST IN INDIA: Roland E. Wolseley, who is described in his little book, **"Face to Face with India"** (Friendship Press, $2.50), as chairman of the magazine department in the School of Journalism, Syracuse University, went to the central Indian city of Nagpur in 1952 to help establish a department of journalism in a Christian college. While there he kept his notebook open and his interviewing pencil busy. This book, which attempts to illustrate India's social problems in terms of typical Indian people, is the result.

It is difficult to say for whom this work was written or what purpose it may serve. Nearly every chapter is burdened with the historically absurd inference that only Christians are good and/or conversion to Christianity is India's best hope. Perhaps young missionaries will read it, but they would be well advised to seek wider horizons and broader minds. In a year that has seen such excellent and diversified books on India as Bowles's "Ambassador's Report," Morgan's "The Religion of the Hindus," and Bowers's "The Dance in India" this effort might better have been left unpublished.

The book is nicely designed and illustrated with simple drawings by Kurt Wiese.—WILLIAM C. CLIFFORD.

—By Kurt Wiese, for "Face to Face with India"

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PERSONAL HISTORY

The Classes in School

"The Old School Tie," by Arthur Tuckerman *(Macmillan. 240 pp. $3.50), nostalgically recaptures the boyhood years its American-born author spent, before World War I, in England and on the Continent. Here it is reviewed by Bergen Evans, professor of English at Northwestern University and moderator of the popular television program "Down You Go."*

By Bergen Evans

THE old school tie has become such a symbol of contempt that there is something disarming and charming in finding it used, as it is in Arthur Tuckerman's book "The Old School Tie," simply and directly as a mark of union with and affection for the old school.

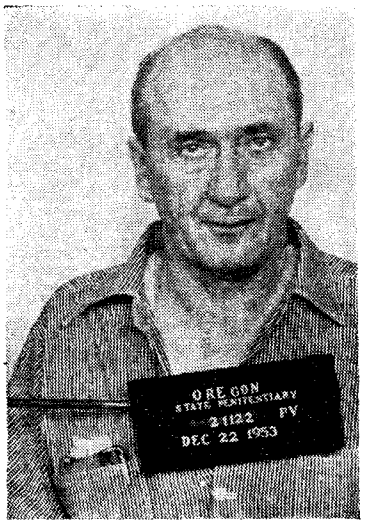
This particular tie, cerise-and-black striped, binds Mr. Tuckerman, as it did his father, to Cheltenham, a preparatory school in the English town of the same name in Gloucestershire, which Mr. Tuckerman attended from 1911 to 1914. The book is an account of his early life in Washington, his experiences at Cheltenham (where he lived with his parents and attended the school as a day boy), trips to Europe and Egypt, the coming of World War I, his sojourn at Christ Church, Oxford, and his struggle, finally and successfully, to convince his parents that he did not want to continue to live abroad but wanted to return to America.

The sections of the book dealing with Cheltenham College itself are among the least interesting, having that unfortunate dulness which seems inseparable from all attempts to depict the good and the beautiful. After a brief initiation in First Form Classical life at the school "suddenly opened out like some bright and illuminated text." Under the "instinctive" guidance of the wise men then in charge, who emphasized "the business of growing up rather than the mere acquisition of knowledge," the student was deliberately exposed "to as many human influences and philosophies" as he could take on the chin. There were, however, a few reservations: he was expected to be "basically on the side of God, King, and Empire."

There were, even, no unpleasantnesses (aside from a bit of ragging about his galoshes, and that brought a stern rebuke from the Head) among the boys themselves—surely the most gentlemanly, decent, and considerate six hundred male adolescents ever brought together. When one remembers that it was at this same time, only a few miles away, that George Orwell was enduring the "irrational terrors and lunatic misunderstandings," the squalor, discomfort, hunger, ignorance, stupidity, snobbery, and sadism of Crossgates (and the author of this review much of the same at Totley and Abbeydale), Mr. Tuckerman is to be congratulated on his good fortune.

The best parts of the book—and they are very good—are the accounts of the vacations on the Continent, motoring with his parents in their Hotchkiss, with its chauffeur, Hutchings. It was "the untroubled and unhurried world" of the wealthy just before the cataclysm, a world of innocent snobberies, in which the Paris edition of the *New York Herald* printed in its social columns "the make and horsepower of every automobile, along with its owner's name, when it arrived at some resort chic enough to warrant the *Herald*'s mention." It was a sedate and elegant world, in the huge dining rooms of whose hotels "young Swiss waiters glided with the precision of figure skaters over highly polished parquet floors, serving five-course luncheons and seven-course dinners." It was often a lonely and empty world for a boy, marooned in hotel bedrooms while his parents dined out. But for the privileged few it had a glory (however limited), a sense of security (however delusive), and a feeling of personal dignity (however unmerited) that will not come again.

As a part of every scene, and central to every recollection, are his parents—his father, mildly fussy, generous, pleased with his own sophistication, but facing a dreadful personal disaster with quiet courage, the "stiff upper lip" of the British, whom he admired, and his mother (screened, one feels, from even the reader's observation by filial love), hardly more than a "gracious silence." Among the virtues inculcated at Cheltenham, it would seem, was reticence, and the book as a whole, more than its author's loyal praises of the school, leaves you feeling that it was not a bad place to have been educated.



"Blackie" Audett—"incredible character."

Life Without Law

"Rap Sheet," by James Henry ("Blackie") Audett *(William Morrow. 284 pp. $4), is the frank autobiography of a man who, during leaves from jail, was a bank-robber and member of the Capone and Pendergasts organizations. Here it is reviewed by Frank O'Leary, who has spent twenty-two years of his fifty years in prison, and is author of "Dictionary of American Underworld Lingo."*

By Frank O'Leary

REPORTS from the underworld have been coming to the reading public thick and fast in recent years. The fault with most of them has been the cramping effect of the literary strait-jacket. The sheer discipline of setting exciting facts down in readable form has been naturally distasteful to people who have found all forms of discipline repugnant to their natures throughout their lives. The unfortunate result has been that they have struck attitudes and "mugged" self-consciously before the camera-eye of the reader. Others have entrusted their "confessionals" to professional writers who have trimmed and shaped the material, often unconsciously projecting fractions of their own personalities into the manuscripts. Communication has thus been impaired. In "Rap Sheet" "Blackie" Audett tells his story in his own briskly inimitable hooligan style to a wire-recorder piloted by a newspaperman who had the uncommon good sense to know that literary alchemy can't transmute a rich semi-literate auto-

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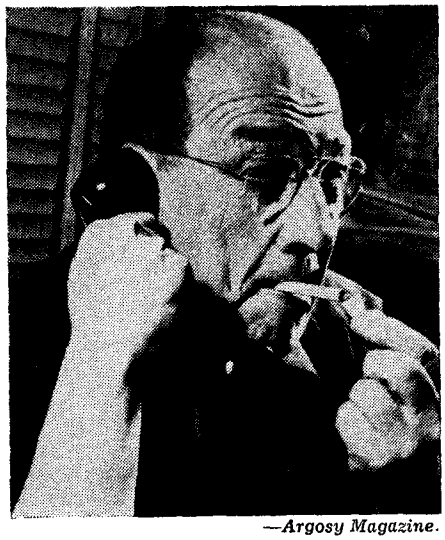
biographical story into anything but a stiff academic report in which substance has surrendered to form with fatal consequences.

Bootlegging, train-robbery, "Chink-running," bank-robbery (twenty-seven listed "jug-scores"), and a long series of escapes from jails, prisons, and other forms of custodial detention provide enough material in this book to shoot at least a dozen fast-paced movie dramas. Of action there is more than a sufficiency. No ordinary reader's capacity to absorb excitement is equal to the jet-propelled speed of Blackie's breathless recital. There is ample reason to suspect that, beyond the indisputable facts imprinted on the record which is his "rap sheet," Audett has taken some license and padded the record here and there.

Bank-robbers just don't "out-hood" Robin Hood by sticking up a bank and turning the entire proceeds over to an unnamed orphanage with complete anonymity. Nor do they know for a certainty that John Dillinger escaped from the Crown Point, Indiana, jail with a .38 automatic pistol and not the reported "wooden gun." Nor do they warn Dillinger that he is about to be betrayed by "The Lady in Red." Nor do they select a grandstand seat, when they are "red hot" themselves, to witness the slaying of a John Dillinger "twenty feet away" from the Federal agent who allegedly shot the outlaw "in the back of the head." Nor do they sit in a car with Mary McElroy, herself a famous kidnap victim in that notorious era, to witness the murder of hoodlum Frankie Nash and four Federal agents in the Kansas City Depot Massacre. Nor, finally, do they boast knowledge of the identity of the real killers of Nash and the officers and refuse to name them.

BLACKIE Audett is an incredible character whose personality is split in many parts. As an escape-artist he is part shrewd Willie Sutton and part plain hoodlum who isn't above conking a sheriff with an iron bar. As an escapee from a custodian transferring him to Leavenworth Federal Penitentiary, he is capable of flooring the sheriff with handcuffs he has slipped, diving through the window of a speeding train still wearing leg-shackles which he subsequently slipped and calmly joined the posse searching for him in the surrounding snow-bound countryside. As an unwilling member of a group of fiercely rioting convicts in Alcatraz in 1946, he got on the phone as a negotiator only to get an armful of shrapnel for his trouble. As another facet of his character appears the solicitude of a bank-robber who goes mad with apprehension for the safety of two tots who had taken over the heisters' double-parked escape-car as a playpen while the robbery was in progress and their mothers are held at pistol-point in the bank. Again he appears as a romantic who broke into a funeral parlor to hold lone vigil over the body of his air-stewardess wife after she had been killed in a crash while he was on the lam. In a lighter vein, Audett is an Alcatraz bootlegger who when caught with "Rock Juice" manages to switch a jug of tea for the jug of high-potency evidence, to the chagrin of the high brass. Always the actor, he is at his best when he feels the hot breath of a posse on his neck as he is pursued into a hotel, enters the room of a guest who is bathing, dons the bather's clerical garb, and walks out of the room nodding affably as the posse members tip their hats respectfully and murmur, "Good evening, Father."

In substance the author has told a reasonably credible tale, bristling with good humor and garnished with enlightening highlights of the code by which professional outlaws live. He leaves no doubt in the reader's mind that "honor among thieves" is a solid quality in the higher echelons as it is an empty pretense among those common crooks "hedge-hopping" on the lower levels from thievery to legitimate employment and back. If, as is apparent, he has fictionalized in holding a position down front on the apron of the stage in too many headline criminal events, there was no hope of material advantage to himself in appropriating such license unto himself. Blackie is a cancer patient who weakened often during the recitation of his story. The only real hope that the author can hold now is that he may die outside prison walls, modestly supported during his waning hours by the proceeds of book royalties.



—*Argosy Magazine.*

James Richardson—"a terrier for news."

City Room Terror

"For the Life of Me," by James Hugh Richardson *(G. P. Putnam's Sons. 312 pp. $4), is the autobiography of a city editor of the Hard Guy school, a veteran of Hearst's* Los Angeles Examiner. *Here we have it reviewed by Stanley Walker, who was a city editor himself once—of the* New York Herald Tribune.

By Stanley Walker

CITY editors come in varied patterns, often grotesque. Some have been fat and sleepy, others lean and alert, terrific workers who seemed bent on working themselves to death. There are many stories of generous, patient, soft-spoken city editors, the fatherly type. But the best stories are of the hard ones, whose archetype was Charles Chapin, city editor of the old New York *Evening World,* who killed his wife ("I couldn't stand the thought of her growing old alone") and spent many years in Sing Sing Prison, raising flowers and writing mushy letters to women admirers.

James Hugh Richardson of the *Los Angeles Examiner* is in the grand tradition of the Hard Guys. Indeed, he was referred to in a magazine article as "The Last of the Terrible Men." He is sixty years old now, a holy terror, gnarled and baldish, a chain smoker, an unforgiving feudist, and a terrier for news. It would not be pleasant to have him on one's trail.

In this book Mr. Richardson tells the story of how he became Mr. Richardson. It is a fascinating story, written in the swift-paced style which is the Hearst school in its purest flower. It has movement, bathos, sentimentality, shocking incident, crisp conversation, and now and then a plug for the human race, God, and civic righteousness.

No one is going to accuse Mr. Richardson of being a profound thinker. Nevertheless, his book has tremendous value. A great many, perhaps most, of the books by and about newspapermen have something strangely priggish about them. Or they too obviously try to do good in the world, or prove something for the glory of what is called journalism. Mr. Richardson is an unabashed sensationalist. Mr. Hearst held firmly to the credo that there is no substitute for circulation; Mr. Richardson proved precisely the right man to supply the stuff on which circulation is built. Is

(*Continued on page* 30)

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A Woman of Will

"The George Eliot Letters" edited by Gordon S. Haight *(Vol. 1: 1836-1851, 378 pp. Vol. 2: 1852-1858, 513 pp. Vol. 3: 1859-1861, 475 pp. Oxford University Press. $20 the set), is the first half of a work that will offer nearly two thousand letters by and about the great Victorian novelist who is just now coming again to be widely appreciated. Below the work is reviewed by DeLancey Ferguson, chairman of the English department at Brooklyn College, New York.*

By DeLancey Ferguson

GEORGE ELIOT is almost the last of the great Victorians to be rehabilitated. Countless readers in recent years have been rediscovering her best novels; now Gordon S. Haight crowns more than twenty years' study of her papers with a truly monumental edition of her letters. The entire work will fill six volumes, and will include nearly 2,000 letters by George Eliot and 750 about her; these first three volumes carry the record to 1861 and her studies for "Romola."

Part of the long eclipse of her personality resulted from her husband's reverence. Editing her letters in the 1880s, J. W. Cross deleted most of the human touches—accounts of ill-health, caustic comments on other people, anything which sounded vulgar or anatomical. Yet this complete edition shows that Cross, with all his limitations, was discriminating. Again and again the reader, coming on a particularly wise and penetrating letter, finds in the headnote, "Extracts published: Cross," with a page-reference. Had Cross been less discreet his selection of the correspondence might have stood as the adequate record of George Eliot's private relationships.

This is not to say that Cross covered every phase of a rich and complex personality. He elided, for instance, her association, when she was editing the *Westminster Review*, with its shady publisher, John Chapman. But even this suppression is almost offset by his drastic pruning of the priggish evangelical letters to Maria Lewis and Martha Jackson which Marian Evans wrote in her delayed adolescence, and through the complete text of which the reader must now burrow before reaching the unfolding mind of George Eliot.

It is as a record of that mind that these letters are chiefly interesting. George Eliot was not prone to detail her private feelings and private affairs. In the early days of her union with George Lewes she wrote, "I have suffered so much misunderstanding created by letters, even to old friends, that I never write on private personal matters unless it be a rigorous duty or necessity to do so." Hence, though this edition includes hundreds of new letters to intimates like the Brays and the Hennells, these for the most part reveal little save affection. A comment such as that to Sara Hennell, after the Evanses had been told of her union with Lewes, is the most striking for its rarity: "I dare say I shall never have any further correspondence with my brother, which will be a great relief to me."

Her remarks could be devastating, though. It is little wonder that Cross omitted her characterization of Victoria as "our little humbug of a queen." At first meeting she found Fredrika Bremer "a repulsive person, equally unprepossessing to eye and ear." She noted that a landlady in the Scillies had "great resources of stupidity"; she described Ramsgate as "a strip of London come out for an airing." But Professor Haight has failed to locate a letter, seen by Mathilde Blind, in which she described an imaginary romance with an imaginary German professor who sought a wife endowed with a competent knowledge of languages, personal ugliness, and a snug little capital.

It was one of her few really humorous letters. John Blackwood found her "full of fun" in conversation, but the fun seldom carried to the written page.

THE dominant qualities in the letters are intellectual and moral integrity, with unfaltering courage in saying and doing what she thought right. As a young woman she declared that "to *fear* the examination of any proposition appears to me an intellectual and a moral palsy that will ever hinder the firm grasping of any substance whatever." From this position she never wavered. Yet she constantly distrusted her own creative powers: without the encouragement of Lewes and John Blackwood her novels would never have been written.

The correspondence with Blackwood, who emerges as a prince of publishers, is the most illuminating of the new material in these volumes. The letters directly exchanged are supplemented by others between Blackwood and Lewes, until the business as well as the personal and literary aspects of the association are displayed with fascinating fulness. Here each new exchange brings out new facts, and new facets of character, as much of the Bray and Hennell correspondence fails to do.

The volumes as a whole raise some fundamental problems of editing. Professor Haight aims to give the complete correspondence, yet even he has abridged. When George Eliot's father was slowly dying, "Many reports of Mr. Evans's condition have been omitted." But with so industrious a correspondent as George Eliot it is a doubtful boon to include every trivial note. Judicious selection would have thrown the important letters into higher relief.

Still more fundamental is the question of what elucidation an editor should supply. Obviously, persons mentioned in the letters should be identified if possible. Here Professor Haight has been indefatigable—so indefatigable that one is almost shocked when a landlady is named only as "Mrs. Craft." Important literary allusions, too, should be identified, but Professor Haight has overdone this. He denies readers the compliment, which George Eliot paid her friends, of assuming that they will recognize "we shall not look upon his like," or "the race is not to the swift." Should they fail to recognize, what of it?

The meaning is still clear. With such obtrusive editing one inclines to gloat on finding a Byron quotation unidentified, the author of "Uncle Tom's Cabin" not named. And when the dates of a journey are given by George Eliot herself (she was a meticulous noter and observer) they hardly merit repetition in a note two pages earlier.

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The Bardic Bookshelf

Periodically G. B. Harrison of the University of Michigan, a leading Shakespearean scholar, appraises the latest output in his field for SR *readers. In the essay-review that follows he gives marks to a half-dozen volumes published this year.*

By G. B. Harrison

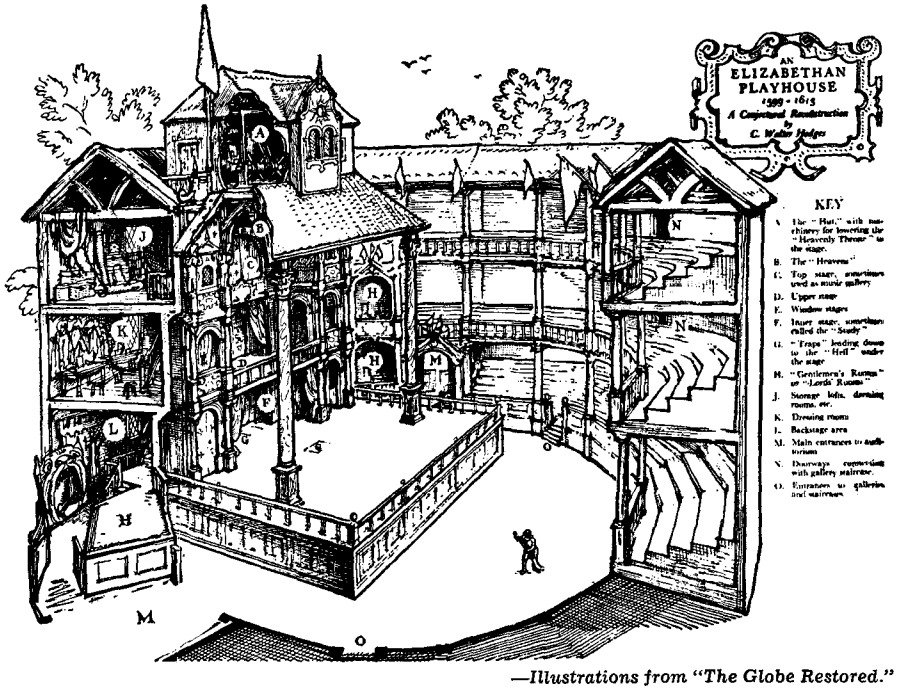
THE flow of Shakespearean studies continues unabated. The past year's contribution as assessed in the seventh and latest **"Shakespeare Survey"** (Cambridge University Press, $3.75) shows sixty-three books and articles under the heading "critical," sixty-one concerned with Shakespeare's life and times, and fifteen with the text. The newest volume is thus as useful as ever, though it is in some danger of degenerating into yet another learned journal, for its appeal is increasingly to the specialist and less to the common reader. It confirms the melancholy truth that the study of Shakespeare has now become a profession; in the near future we may almost expect the creation of some official body to issue diplomas and degrees in Shakespearean science without which no one will venture into print or production. Of the dozen articles printed in the latest survey two are especially exciting to the student: A. C. Partridge's study of Shakespeare's orthography in "Venus and Adonis" and some early quartos, in which he critically examines Shakespeare's spellings and use of punctuation; and J. W. Saunders's "Vaulting the Rails," which suggests that Elizabethan actors made far more use of the playhouse yard than has hitherto been supposed; if so we shall have to revise many views on how plays were actually produced at the Globe.

Another challenge to accepted notions is Professor C. T. Prouty's comparative study of **"The Contention and Shakespeare's 2 Henry VI"** (Yale University Press, $4). There are two early dramatic versions of the story of Henry VI and the civil wars of the roses—two quartos entitled "The First Part of the Contention Betwixt the Two Famous Houses of York and Lancaster" and "The True Tragedy of Richard Duke of York" and the second and third parts of "Henry VI" printed in the first Folio. Until about thirty years ago it was generally held that the two quartos were the earlier versions which Shakespeare rewrote; the modern view is that the quartos are later piracies of Shakespeare's plays. Professor Prouty, arguing from the evidences of the texts, and the differences of source and motivation, claims that the older theory is correct. This study will, I anticipate, cause some fluttering in the serene dovecotes of the Bibliographical Society; not only does Professor Prouty question accepted theories of the text, he also throws doubt on the chronology and the facts of Shakespeare's early years as a dramatist.

In **"Shakespeare's Derived Imagery"** (University of Kansas Press, $5), Professor J. E. Hankins claims that far more of Shakespeare's poetic images are derived from his reading than is usually supposed, and particularly from two sources—La Premaudaye's "French Acadamy" and Palingenius's "Zodiack of Life," translated into English by Barnabe Googe, which Shakespeare is likely to have met as a school text. Professor Hankins amasses parallels of phrase under such headings as Dusty Death, Brief Candle, Life as a Dream, and the like. Shakespeare's wholesale borrowings of story, character, speech, and phrase from Holinshed and Plutarch are well known, and it is likely enough that many of his famous "quotations" are similarly "conveyed." But in any generation there is a vast stock of phrases, ideas, metaphors, and similes common to every talker and writer; and in such comparative studies the author is always in some danger of arguing like Fluellen—"you shall find in the comparisons between Macedon and Monmouth, that the situations is, look you, both alike. There is a river in Macedon, and there is also moreover a river at Monmouth . . . and there is salmons in both." Though some of the parallels which Professor Hankins cites are striking, most are quite commonplace; but he rightly stresses the fact, sometimes overlooked in modern studies of Shakespeare's imagery, that much of it "was derived from earlier writers, and that some of their words and phrases survive in his expressions of the images."

IN 1940 Alan Keen, antiquarian bookseller of London, came into possession of an imperfect copy of Edward Halle's "Chronicle 1550," one of the sources for Shakespeare's history plays. In the margins of pages dealing with the reigns of Henry IV, Henry V, and Henry VI he found 406 annotations and comments in an Elizabethan hand, which very naturally he hopes may be Shakespeare's. Little

(*Continued on page* 32)



—Illustrations from "The Globe Restored."

A conjectural sketch of The Globe—"the flow of Shakespearean studies continues unabated."

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The Compleat Benchley

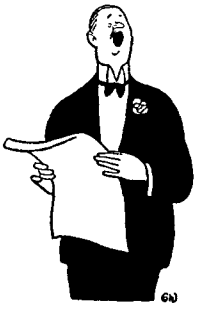
THE old order changeth, but Robert C. Benchley seems happily immutable. "**The Benchley Roundup**" (Harper, $3.50) is a new selection, made by Nathaniel Benchley, from the thousand or so pieces his father published between 1915 and 1945. More than ever Benchley seems the perfect wit, moving with ease from parody to whimsey to satire to the brand of quizzical good humor that was uniquely his. A book for every bedside table. The illustrations are, of course, by Gluyas Williams. —MARTIN LEVIN.

"When I am writing a novel I must actually live the lives of my characters."

"I tried to be as nice as I could."

"At a certain stage of elation they just have to put on a woman's hat."

"Christmas afternoon."



"In certain moods I love to lapse into song, loud and fairly clear."

"'This is the real poker costume,' I said."

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The Saturday Review

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Experiment by Representation

THE twentieth century, for all that its energies have been so much concentrated upon desperate realities, has been to a surprising extent an experimental age. In its beginning, impossible as it may seem to the generation that came to maturity after the Twenties, what are the commonplaces of today—the automobile, the motion picture, the radio, the airplane—were still in the embryo stage or as yet unborn, and their direction and impact were matters of speculation and trial. Education was entering on a tentative course, in kindergarten and school reaching out for novel methods and techniques and in college moving from the rigidity of its curriculum to the greater freedom of the elective system. Literature, freeing itself, notably in fiction, from its bondage to English models, was trying to discover in the American scene a fresh and rewarding subject for portrayal; poetry, by the outbreak of the First World War, in the United States as in England, was striking away from traditional forms to experiment with such modes as imagism and free verse. There was no phase of American life or thought in which as the twentieth century ran its course experiment was not rife: in the arts, in economics, in sociology, in the very manners and mores of society. Old conventions, old shibboleths, had been toppled over, science and psychology explored new realms, new forms of government came under appraisal to command support or violent opposition. By the mid-century mark, when the country had passed through the agony of two wars and a major depression, it had involved itself in what was a continuous and continuing experiment, that of adjustment to its function as a dominant power in the shaping of global policy.

In that stage it now is. Old certainties no longer have universal validity, the rule of thumb has gone, and the statesman as well as the man in the street is seemingly forced to place reliance in matters of international import on a method of trial and error. The march of events has created friction in the public mind but the energy generated by them has found no fixed certain direction. It is a state that is probably inevitable in a world in which old sanctions no longer prevail, and where new alignments and antagonistic ideologies fight against traditional attitudes of mind. Where there is no longer a fixed measuring rod—as of tried experience in the past—there can be no automatic or predictable reaction to the problems that arise. There can hardly be other than bewilderment and confusion on many issues. A vast part of the public today feels itself incompetent to form a judgment on the wisdom of one policy as against another; a large part of it accepts those dicta of the newspapers and radio commentators which fall in with its predilections, while the smallest part makes a conscientious effort to ascertain fact and form independent judgment. Yet it happens that this is one of the years in which the general public can markedly bring influence to bear on national policy, for the Congressional elections offer an opportunity to register public inclination and will.

Political issues are never, of course, inseparable from the leaders who espouse them, and the personalities of the candidates for Senate and House will inevitably weigh, as indeed they should, with the voters. But, on the other hand, candidates are chosen to represent the beliefs and desires of their constituents, and it is therefore of the utmost importance that the public which goes to the polls holds informed views on the general course it wishes them to pursue. Since political parties no longer divide as once they did on strictly partisan lines, the electorate must have enough objectivity and enough background of knowledge to choose candidates who in their turn will have enough perspicacity to realize when it is well to abandon party regularity for the public good. If the Government is by force of circumstances constrained on occasion to experimentation, at least the dangers of such experimentation can be to some degree allayed by the fact that those who control policy have been chosen with forethought of the problems they may have to meet and with the knowledge that this experimentation will rest on a basis of thought and not of improvisation.

—A. L.

Caesura

By Louise Townsend Nicholl

THERE is a small caesura without tide,
A suction into central quietude
Of sudden crypt under the water floor,
A crucible below the smelted ore
Relinquished by the surge to certitude,
Till earth be tipped again and seas repour.

This is our peace, when ocean draws away,
Our deep surprise, its interval of stay.
Motion unbated would not so attest
To mystery as ebb which comes to rest:
The moment of surcease, where man can lay
His wondering ear upon eternal breast.

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

OLD SCHOOL UNTIE

IN TRADE WINDS [*SR* Aug. 14], Cleveland Amory wrote that Schine roomed at Phillips Andover Academy during "his last year with Fritz Green, who was later head of the Williams fraternity which caused such a furor by taking in a Negro and splitting from the national body."

There is no fraternity in Williams which ever took in a Negro. So far as I know, no Williams fraternity has split from the national body. Such an incident as you mention did take place, I think, at Amherst.

There is a Williams fraternity of which I am a member, which took in a Jewish student, and because of a general fraternity rule was suspended pending the consideration of the rule at the next general convention. The chapter now is somewhat independent. Delegates will go to the general convention next month and try to get a ruling. If they are not supported, presumably the fraternity will be disciplined.

DWIGHT MARVIN, Editor.
The *Troy Record*.
The *Times Record*.

Troy, N.Y.

ACE AND AMORY

I THINK TRADE WINDS is wonderful, particularly the one on G. David Schine. The choice of subject matter and method of presentation were very close to perfect. I have gotten to the point where I look for that column in the same way I look for Goodman Ace—and, even though it's not from Caesar, it's high praise.

DICK TAPLINGER.

New York, N.Y.

SHOO SCHINE

LET ME SAY that I thought your column about Dave Schine excellent . . . A friend of mine was in New York last fall and, finding time on his hands, decided to visit G. David in the Schine hotel headquarters. He was cordially received in Dave's private office, and by way of starting things off on a good footing said, "Well, Dave, you're running a pretty big operation these days."

Dave pointed to a map of the United States on the wall and replied, "That's the operation I'm running."

RICHARD W. KIMBALL.

New York, N.Y.

GRADUATING THE UNDERGRADUATE

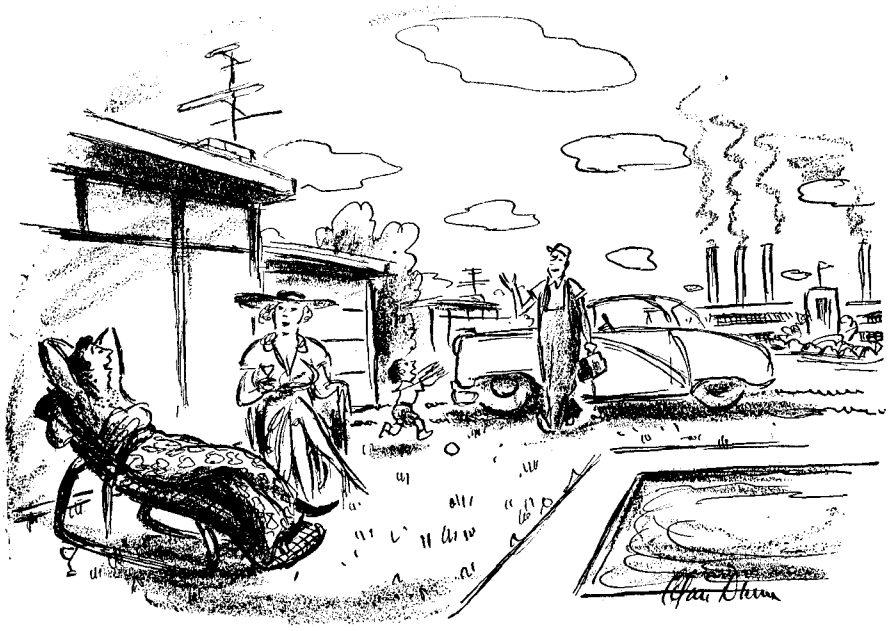
I THOUGHT Amory's piece on Schine exceptionally juvenile. I went to Harvard, too, and can remember doing some pretty childish, gauche, and crummy stunts while there—and saying many things that would sound just that way. Were you writing of Schine's antics to praise him, or could it be that you believe the college Schine is the all-time Schine? I wouldn't know whether he has or will mature after college, and I'll bet you don't . . . All of this is by way of saying *SR* ought to be somewhat apart from the Schine controversy, and that your piece, with names and dates spared (for the old School Tie?) sounds exactly like some of the slop you attribute to Private Schine.

It's a big country. We have room for the Schines, the Schlesinger, Jrs., and all other Americans. Especially can we afford to let them be undergraduates in whatever manner they please.

EDWARD B. SIMMONS.
The *Standard-Times*.

New Bedford, Mass.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *Mr. Amory writes: "I agree with you that it is a big country and has room for everyone to be undergraduates in whatever manner they please. However, when the undergraduates start investigating other people I think it is permissible to investigate the undergraduates."*



"I wonder what ever became of the proletarian novel."

PLUM

I THINK Cleveland Amory's recent TRADE WINDS pieces are peachy.

W. H. FERRY, Vice-President.
The Fund for the Republic, Inc.

New York, N.Y.

AD ASTRA PER CORN

AIMING HIS OWN brand of salt corn at the cinematic firmament, Lee Rogow might take a kink out of his trajectory ["*SR* Goes to the Movies," *SR* Aug. 14].

"Fish gotta swim, birds gotta fly" is falsely attributed to Gershwin, who would undoubtedly object to being credited with an observation so trite as to be neither fish nor fowl. The song, whose musical distinction far exceeds the merit of its rhyme, is about a woman who can't help lovin' dat man of hers and comes from Jerome Kern's "Show Boat."

HANS FANTEL.

New York, N.Y.

FOOTNOTE TO CONFUSION

JOHN T. WINTERICH'S timely BOOKMARK [*SR* Aug. 28] can perhaps bear a footnote on the confusion caused by the fast-growing use of "presently" for "now." There was a comfortable if embarrassing interval for giving up "rationalize" in the older noncriminal sense of the word, though it is still hard to find a short substitute. But the forest-fire speed of a change brought about by voices on the air leaves many of us among the antiquated overnight. When I say "Smith will be here presently," I am unintelligible. When I say "Smith is coming presently," I am thought to be seeing ghosts because Smith is not at the door.

L. M. BEATTIE.

Pittsburgh, Pa.

"UTOPIAN NIGHTMARE"

H.S.'S BAD DREAMS ["Utopian Nightmare," *SR* Aug. 21] are a ghastly revelation of how one man believes other men's leisure time should not be spent, an interesting, if entirely negative, approach to one of modern society's many problems. Could be, of course, that our industrial and business worlds do not, per se, offer large numbers of wageearners the creative satisfactions so many require for a full life. These men get a big kick out of turning a piece of wood, smearing paint, clicking a shutter, or shoving a shovel. OK with H.S.?

N. F. BRYDON.

Essex Falls, N.J.

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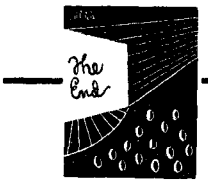

SR GOES TO THE MOVIES

Life on a Kilt Farm

—*From "Brigadoon."*

Gene Kelly (with Cyd Charisse)—"possibly the greatest jack-in-the-box of our time."

THE arrival of the sprightly and lyrical entertainment called **"Brigadoon"** (M-G-M) directs attention to the circumstance that remarkably few of our motion-picture heroes have been dancers. We've had Fred Astaire and we've had Gene Kelly, and then we've just about had it. Donald O'Connor is a versatile young bucko but not yet one for the ages. Ray Bolger's unique talents have not been exploited in film except for a few memorable bits like the Scarecrow of Oz. The fresh-faced tapsters like Johnny Downs and Hal Le Roy have faded, still smiling, into the mists of time, although they occasionally jog our memory by turning up on the bill in one of the incredible motels of Las Vegas.

The advent of "Brigadoon" is also useful to the determined comparison-drawer because it provides an opportunity to compare the appeals of our two senior dancing masters. They have a lot in common, not only with each other, but with many good fellows who put their feet in the rosin box. Both are small, lithe men who move with a tight and delicate grace. Both dance easily, as if they were tapping some inner spring of joyous and irresistible movement; as if, in other words, they were discovering the dance inside themselves. Both sing in a cheerful croak. As you listen you have the reassuring thought that you could do at least as well, but what they lack in volume they make up with intelligence, immaculate diction, and a dancer's use of hands and body to sell the song.

For all the parallels, Astaire is not Kelly, of course, and Kelly is not Astaire. Astaire's projected personality on the screen is essentially devil-may-care. He is always the perfect man-about-town. Kelly is more intellectual, more creative, more consistently interesting. It is not an accident that in most of his good pictures Kelly has played a serious and occasionally even a sullen young man.

In "Pal Joey," the Broadway production in which he first leaped to fame, Kelly was a heel from his head to his twinkling toes. My wife still hasn't forgiven him for what he did to Judy Garland in a picture called (I believe) "For Me and My Gal." "Brigadoon" is another case in point.

IN THIS M-G-M film setting of the Alan Jay Lerner-Frederick Loewe musical play Kelly is cast as Tommy Albright, a young man with problems. Betrothed to a glittering creature of the town, keeping well up in the metropolitan rat race, Kelly is still dubious about the Madison Avenue version of the rich, full life. He takes a pre-marital hunting trip to Scotland with friend Van Johnson, an aspiring alcoholic who views the world through a glass darkly. They blunder upon the miracle village of Brigadoon, a musical-comedy settlement that makes Graustark seem drab, since it comes alive for only one day in a century.

With only one day to complete the business of the preceding 36,500, the people of Brigadoon are busier than a Larchmont housewife on a shopping trip in New York. There are the joyful doings in the market place on MacConnahy Square, there are the wedding preparations for Charlie Dalrymple and his Jean, and there is the drama of a disgruntled suitor named Harry Beaton, who is ready to cross over the bridge and shatter this complicated and untidy miracle. In the course of the afternoon Kelly falls in love with the dark-haired Cyd Charisse and begins to toy with the idea of sticking around for a few centuries. Understandably reluctant to disappear into the mists of Scotland, Kelly needs a trip back to the material paradise of Madison Avenue before he is ready to dematerialize himself on the shores of Loch Lomond. Decisions, decisions, always decisions.

Despite a certain amount of balderdash about the power of love, and the somewhat tiresome view that a highland kilt farm is the best of all possible worlds, "Brigadoon" is a remarkably satisfactory piece of goods. The Lerner-Loewe score is full of magic melody and Kelly has fashioned delightful movement to the strains. Highlights are "Heather on the Hill," a lovely number danced on the hillside by Kelly and Cyd Charisse and involving some complex love-making around a small tree; "It's Almost Like Being in Love," featuring Kelly climbing a stone wall and singing of

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his love to the farmyard animals; and "I'll Go Home with Bonnie Jean," in which Van Johnson displays some of the pleasant hoofing he has been doing lately in his cabaret appearances. Students of the original score will note that "Come to Me, Bend to Me" has been excised, and the exciting sword dance performed by Harry Beaton has been eliminated, even though Hugh Laing was borrowed from the New York City Ballet Company to perform the role.

Visually, M-G-M always feasts the eye. Irene Sharaff's costumes fill the screen with color and the settings are suitable to an enchanted village. Vincente Minnelli's contributions as director are striking, particularly in the New York restaurant scene in which Kelly decides this particular world is well lost for love. Minnelli has recorded the babble of voices a few frames out of synchronization, making everything sound even madder and more irritating.

In the company, Van Johnson carries the comic burden with assurance, Cyd Charisse is a willowy Fiona, and then, of course, there is Kelly, brooding, effervescent, a Hamlet in dancing shoes, and quite possibly the greatest jack-in-the-box of our time.

—Lee Rogow.

FRASER YOUNG'S LITERARY CRYPT NO. 588

A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle. Answer No. 588 will be found in the next issue.

CE O RYCSP OTTUJG JUM,

FMCZW YCA QJ QNMGYCTD

YCG YOCN. CE WYCG

PUZGT'W IUNB, MGZ WYZ

UWYZN GCPZ UE WYZ

QNMGY UT WYZ UWYZN ZTP

UE WYZ RYCSP.

—MTBTUIT.

Answer to No. 587

You don't write because you want to say something; you write because you've got something to say.—F. Scott Fitzgerald.

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Showplace of the Nation
Rockefeller Center

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in Color and CinemaScope
starring
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VAN JOHNSON
CYD CHARISSE
with ELAINE STEWART
BARRY JONES • ALBERT SHARPE
Screen Play, Book and Lyrics by ALAN JAY LERNER
Music by FREDERICK LOEWE
Color by ANSCO
Directed by VINCENTE MINNELLI
Produced by ARTHUR FREED
An M-G-M Picture

ON THE GREAT STAGE
"AUTUMN ALBUM"
Gala new revue produced by Russell Markert . . . with the Rockettes, Corps de Ballet, Glee Club . . . Symphony Orchestra directed by Raymond Paige

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TV AND RADIO

It's How the Characters Feel That's Important

THE keystone of the cinema art is the reaction shot—so runs a theory of the film trade. "Don't play the action; get the reaction." In many a TV story-conference I have heard skilled craftsmen say: "It's not *what* happens that counts; it's how the characters *feel* about it that's important." As with all esthetic theories, the extreme of this one may be dangerous, but its essential wisdom is unbeatable. Reaction is what distinguishes "feature" journalism from straight news—the reaction of a gifted, trained observer to an event. His response to what he sees and hears becomes the lens by which we focus meaning. Without reaction there is merely chronology, position in time and space, but no relatedness, light, or understanding.

"Background," the new NBC-TV feature news program, recently afforded interesting studies in the reaction principle. This show will originate weekly over NBC beginning October 10; but during the latter part of the summer there were four break-in programs. I was able to see three of the four prior to this column's deadline. The subject of the first was Mendes-France; the second treated of a typical American draftee; and the third was a commentary on colonialism and Communism in Southeast Asia. As I watched the Mendes-France program unfold I said to myself: "This is wrong, but it is provocative, bold." "Technically," I thought of the draftee show, "this is brilliant, creative—but somehow it doesn't come off." The Asian show, I felt at the start, was right. At the end it was clear, memorable, and satisfying.

Reaction was the rod with which I measured all three—not mine as the viewer, but the responses of the reporters reporting. In the first two programs they did not react to their material, or at best their reactions were vague. In the last program the reaction was sharp, unmistakable, and revealing. Therein lay its success. It is not enough for a program like "Background" to devote itself to a single subject (although that is rare on TV and admirable). For maximum effectiveness it must develop a single idea, penetrating or powerful; and this idea must be proved in terms of its material. The Southeast Asia show did just this.

It began with a "Background" reporter in the Philippines interviewing an ex-Communist. He told why he went to the hills with the Huks, why he stayed when the war with Japan was over, how the Communists failed him, and why he returned home. Then we heard Philippine President Ramon Magsaysay describe "Operation Redeemer," which won back former Reds. Joseph C. Harsch, the program's focal commentator, pointed out that the Philippines are an example of a successful colonial power getting out gracefully.

Then the program's film portions took us to Hanoi to demonstrate the failure of the French colonial power to hold Vietnam loyalty in the struggle against the Communists. In an officer's café a French leader sipped a tall drink and talked of the "culture" which his country had brought to the Vietnamese. Outside, in the streets of Hanoi, a native (the reporter frankly said he didn't know if he was a Communist) talked of slums, filth, and the need for schools. Film clips eloquently proved his case against French "culture." Beyond Hanoi the reporter took us into a Vietnam village waiting to be captured by the surrounding Reds. He interviewed, via an interpreter, an elderly village president, who expressed with great simplicity and dignity the experience of his people under a thousand years of Chinese, French, and Japanese rule.

THE Communists? An unknown factor, the president admitted, but they promised land, and any change was welcome. Movingly the elder made his comment on his own Government: "Bao Dai never came to this village. If he had, things would have been much better." The interpreter's own summation was high journalism, even poetry. "I am sorry for the U.N., who cared so little; sorry for the French, who bled so much—but stayed too long." The Communists, concluded Mr. Harsch, come to Asia in Asian dress. We come in Western. Our best hope lies in encouraging the indigenous men like Magsaysay to lead their own peoples. I have read much of the French failure in Indo-China. I shall remember it most vividly in terms of that French officer and his "culture"—and of the old bearded lama beyond Hanoi. The reporter who made those films has what Edward R. Murrow once called "the open eye."

He was reacting to his material. On the French officer he dared comment: "Insincere." Of music at the funeral of a young Vietnamese he said: "Nothing like I ever heard before." On the bereavement of the mother: "Life is supposed to be cheap in Asia, but to those that live it—it isn't." It was the Indo-China impact on him that made this show: his selection and evaluation of things to photograph, his editorial camera-pan from the French officer talking culture to a close shot of the beverage glass at his side. The program asked and answered the vital question—"*Why* did the French fail in Indo-China?" By contrast the Mendes-France program, "The Man From Louviers," asked merely objective questions: "*How* did the sudden change in France come about?" "*Who* is this man who made it happen?" In answer the program brought us shots of the resistance, interviews with the Premier's constituents, associates, with his wife, but they converged on no sharp insight, old or new, proven in terms of the material. The background arrows went off in their many directions, but failed to meet on a target.

So, too, the draftee program was a technical *tour de force* in its imaginative use of the soundtracks of individuals speaking thoughts out of and against visual context. It was also a superb achievement in capturing the flavor of real, inarticulate people. But the on-the-spot reporter failed to react to his material. Mr. Harsch (who was in the studio) is an internationally-known correspondent of top stature and brilliance, but in the draftee and Mendes-France shows he was permitted to integrate merely mechanically with the film portions, not essentially. In his own solo reporting on the air and in newsprint Mr. Harsch never fails to react to his material in terms of a single theme. He blended successfully in the Asia show because of the simplicity and clarity of the program's line. In the other two programs there was a clashing of gears.

"Background" is a creative, aspiring program in spite of early fuzziness. NBC is to be thanked for this expensive effort to mount an important news show, and for building it around so distinguished and expert a journalist as Mr. Harsch. Ted Mills, the producer, has invested the program with a high awareness of television's emerging esthetic possibilites and with a serious, probing intention. This reviewer will be waiting at the dials when the series returns in October.

—ROBERT LEWIS SHAYON.

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Fiction

Continued from page 13

terms we have met Dan's mercantile fellow sufferers in literature ranging from Dreiser and Sinclair Lewis to Arthur Miller. Add to their portraits of businessmen Dan Waxman, examined by Mr. Yaffe without scorn and with a deep measure of love and affection. It is in this same warmth that we find the novel's greatest strength. Somehow, as the chronicle of Dan's confused unhappiness unwinds, some of the author's sympathy transmits itself to the reader. Dan, whether he reminds one of a relative or friend or stands merely as a simple man with a load of mischief, emerges as a warmly drawn human.

This is James Yaffe's third book, and he is still in his twenties. With "What's the Big Hurry?" he has taken a giant step forward as a novelist. He tells a story well, his scenes have power and strength, and it will be a rare reader who does not feel at the end of this novel that he has not learned something about his fellow man. Mr. Yaffe's days of being described as a youthful writer of promise are passed. No one need wait expectantly for his next book; it would be better to begin reading him now, with this one.

Notes

NEGROES IN A WHITE WORLD: Despite the wearying proliferation of novels about the Negro problem, **"Walking on Borrowed Land,"** by William A. Owens (Bobbs-Merrill, $3.50), deserves our welcome for its emotional honesty and intellectual clarity.

Its hero is Mose Ingram, a noble-minded Negro who, strongly controlling his wayward passions, patiently clings to the long view in his struggle for the advancement of his people. He comes, as principal of the Negro school, to Columbus, Oklahoma, in the 1930s and the story, told in terms of dramatic, rather than expository, action, is of the community and its people, and of the quiet battles Mose helped them win in a world built for "whites only."

Mr. Owens is realistic enough to realize that, though it is deplorable to allow social and racial stereotypes to rule one's thinking, it is also a wilful blindness to deny all truth whatsoever to the stereotype; and his Negro characters are neither the machine-tooled automatons of oppressed virtue nor the quivering bundles of psychic complexity which some theoreticians

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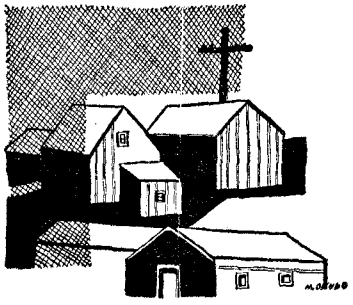

have made of them. Similarly, those whites who seem to receive the author's tacit approval often manifest a degree of prejudice unusual for the "good" characters in such novels. This is because Mr. Owens knows that there are many Southerners who, because they are basically decent and humane, will eventually help to cart Jim Crow off to the discard heap of social anachronisms; but still they are so steeped in the fundamentalist Southern tradition that the violation of segregation literally seems to them a sin against the natural order.

As the book ends some of the Negroes still persist in being the instruments of their own oppression, and no resounding victories have been won. There are still unresolved tragedy, unavenged injury, and unassuaged humiliation. Mose has lost one son to a sheriff's casual bullet and another to a sick, fantasy world of jazz and dope. The color-line still divides Columbus. But the Negro school is better equipped, several destructive race riots have been averted, and Mose has won the open respect of some of the more influential whites in the town. These are the kinds of small, tenacious victories that last.

We are indebted to Mr. Owens for a novel whose fidelity to social realism goes beyond the mere enumeration of stains on a crumpled bed-sheet or the anatomization of a lynch victim.

—Jerome Stone.

ITALIAN BEDLAM: **"The Women of Magliano"** (Putnam, $3.50) may be best described as a selection of slightly "fictionized" pages from the diary of its author, Mario Tobino, an Italian physician. In fragmentary, random jottings, which end as arbitrarily as they begin, we are told of the backgrounds and behavior of some of the crazed women who comprise the bizarre citizenry of an Italian insane asylum, an inferno of anguished, frenzied delusion. The doctor writes of his charges with a kind of helpless compassion, and his understanding of them seems closer to that of a priest of shaken faith than that of a doctor. The writing, almost devoid of psychiatric concepts or terminology, is usually explicit and neutral, but from time to time it blossoms with imaginative insights expressed in vivid and arresting figures. What it conveys to us is a landscape of inhuman desolation, rotting away in an atmosphere of sad hopelessness to which the lonely figure of the doctor is even less immune than the inmates, for, as the author says, "Lunatics have no past and no future, ignore history, and live only in the moment, acting whatever fantasy lives and dies in their minds from one second to the next. They are out of the world and live only through their madness, as if their only purpose were to show that it exists. They are mysterious plants without roots, shadows blathering out words without sense or memory." The translation is by Archibald Colquhoun. —J. S.

FIRST SETTLERS: Nearly twenty years ago Louis Zara wrote a novel, "Blessed Is the Man," which described the adjustment to America of a Jewish peddler in Chicago. Now, at the start of the tercentenary of Jewish settlement in the United States, Mr. Zara has produced, with a fine sense of topicality, a long historical novel, **"Blessed Is the Land"** (Crown, $3.95), about the shipload of twenty-three Jews who first came to New Amsterdam and through whom this large American-Jewish community was begun.

Told through the journal of Ashur Levy (with a few interpolations by some of the other Jewish settlers), "Blessed Is the Land" is a richly-conceived narrative, for Mr. Zara has drawn in Ashur Levy a lively, hot-blooded, adventurous character. Levy had traded with the Indians and had fought with the Dutch burghers for Jewish civil rights. These are the facts of history. To them Mr. Zara has added a passionate romance with a lusty Dutch widow and divers other romantic interludes which, among other things, indicate that the original Jewish settlers were exciting people as well as pioneers.

The Jews who came to these shores knew that for Jews of their era "exile is a better milestone on the road to Redemption," but they sought a land of freedom where they could worship their own God. Ashur Levy learns to love the broad expanses of the new land. "Not since the Dispersion," he writes, "have we had such an opportunity to become rooted like other peoples." And, despite Peter Stuyvesant's reluctance to admit them, the Jews prosper and find the home they seek. Both as a lesson in history and as a well-told story "Blessed Is the Land" is worth the reading, especially this season. —Harold U. Ribalow.

Personal History

Continued from page 20

the world any better off? Who knows? Indeed, the question may be wholly beside the point.

After a boyhood spent in Detroit and Winnipeg Richardson went with his family to Los Angeles. He had worked for a time on a Winnipeg paper, gaining valuable experience. He got his chance in Los Angeles when, while on an outing at Long Beach, he found himself in the middle of a grandstand collapse in which many were killed.

Los Angeles was a perfect spot for the cultivation of the talents of a man like Richardson. It was booming, its politics were generally corrupt, its crime flourished in bizarre and unexpected bursts, and the motion-picture colony supplied an unearthly sexy aura with an obviously important circulation value. Richardson had his hand, as reporter and editor, in most of the sensational news stories which have come out of Los Angeles for more than a generation. He was good. He admits to a few wrong guesses, but he is not ashamed to set down his wild and woolly triumphs—some the result of luck, some because of his string of informers, and many which can be attributed only to his intuition, pertinacity, or whatever it is that makes a good city editor good.

The story, among many other things, is the story of a reformed drunk. He had his chance as a city editor when he was a very young man, and he lasted only four years before booze got him. He came back—it wasn't easy—and when he once more became a city editor he stayed put and made a reputation. Part of it, as he admits, was a reputation for being a mean s. o. b., but he was much more than that—he was a go-getter, a shrewd judge of men, and a worshipper of News.

Like all the Hard Guys, he tries to prove that he is really a respectable citizen, with a belief in God, a definite poetic streak, and not above doing a great many kind deeds—for example, inviting the poor little rich reporter Walter Brooks to his home for Christmas dinner.

City editors of the type of James Hugh Richardson seem to be going out of style. Most of the boys who occupy the podium on most newspapers today are little more than well-mannered head clerks. And the schools of journalism seem bent on turning out global thinkers instead of newspaper reporters. In a way this seems too bad. Crime is just as terrible as ever,

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politics just as funny and rotten, and the human race has by no means reformed. That is, the news is still there. But we don't have many Richardsons. They are Terrible Men. The hell they are! They are good men to have around when the going gets rough.

Liturgical Genius

GREAT CANTOR: Yossele Rosenblatt was the greatest cantor of modern times and to Jews all over the world the short, bearded man with the glorious tenor voice was the epitome of Jewish liturgical genius. He was admired by Caruso and compared both with the great Italian and with John McCormack. Orthodox Jews, who like nothing better than a concert by a talented cantor, made Rosenblatt famous and, at times, rich. The life, the triumphs, the trials, and the fame of Rosenblatt are described by his son, Dr. Samuel Rosenblatt, in a biography called simply **"Yossele Rosenblatt"** (Farrar, Straus and Young, $4.50). Dr. Rosenblatt has been a rabbi for the last twenty-seven years and is the author of eight other books.

At eight Yossele was an itinerant cantor and before he was married at eighteen he was known throughout Eastern Europe as something of a genius in his difficult field. All his life long he had acclaim and admiration, as he held positions at some of the leading synagogues in the world. But, like so many other artists, he was overwhelmed by financial troubles, and this biography emphasizes Rosenblatt's woes no less than his triumphs. His concerts, his recordings (which are listed in full in a discography at the end of the book), his vaudeville appearances, and his synagogue accomplishments made him wealthy, but a terrible venture into publishing bankrupted him. How he worked to clear himself of debt, how he sang everywhere and suffered as he worried over his large family are the materials which make up most of this narrative. When he died at fifty-one Cantor Rosenblatt was mourned by Jews everywhere, and thousands still listen to his records.

The artist's oldest son has written a book which is full of love and which bravely attempts to explain and apologize for his father's troubles. Unfortunately, so many pages are devoted to finances that the reader sometimes forgets that Yossele Rosenblatt is remembered not for his financial complications, but for his sweet, tenor voice, which enthralled hundreds of thousands of Jews and non-Jews all over the world.

—HAROLD U. RIBALOW.

Kafkaesque, Mid-Century

By Walter Sorell

THE morning woke him, and he did not know
That this was not an ordinary day.
But so it was: A voice said, "Joseph K.?"
As if a sound could strike a fatal blow.

He rose. He dressed. He did not quite conceive
What happened to him, what it could have meant
That they accused him of with some intent—
And left, although he knew they would not leave.

They tapped his thoughts and wrapped his heart in fear.
And where he went the warrant of his guilt
Pursued him there with its accusing lilt.
His restless quest fell on no hearing ear.

There was no judge nor juror but his crime
As undefined as air and everywhere,
Pointing with crooked fingers at him there.
No longer was his day measured by time.

His guilt was growing with the thought of it.
No blemish was on him, and yet the blame
Made out of silent guilt was still the same
And followed every step he did commit.

He stopped in space and waited. "Joseph K.?"
The voice was back. If he could now confess
And find the ransom word to acquiesce—!
At that the lights went out. Dark went the day.

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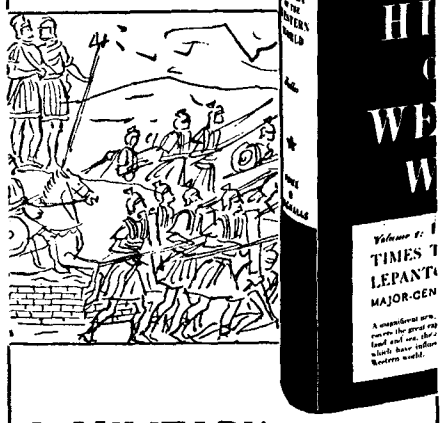

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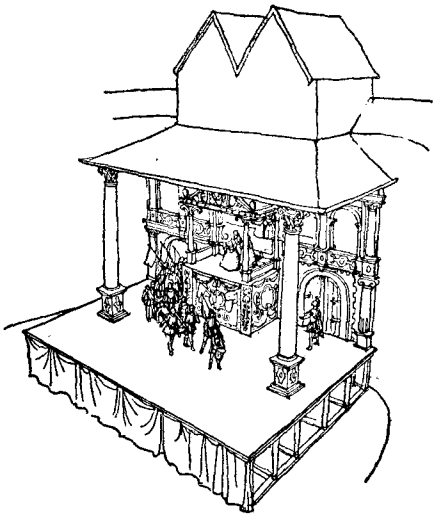
Writers and Writing

Continued from page 22

can be discovered of the annotator, who omitted to sign his name; his remarks are usually quite objective, though occasionally he is nettled by Halle's Protestant bias. Nor is the wording particularly striking or Shakespearean. The proof of the case can come only from a comparison of the handwriting. Unfortunately, the only indisputable specimens of Shakespeare's handwriting are six signatures and the words "By me," all written late in life on legal documents. There is, however, a fair chance that the famous three pages in the manuscript play of "Sir Thomas Moore" are in Shakespeare's hand; and it would be reasonable to compare the two hands. Mr. Keen seems not to be much interested in this approach; nor can the reader make the comparison for himself as the reproductions in the book are too short and indistinct. Lacking decisive evidence Mr. Keen fills the pages of his book, **"The Annotator,"** written in collaboration with Roger Lubbock (Macmillan, $4), with personal reminiscences and informative speculations about the previous owners of the volume and the family relationships of those with whom Shakespeare was directly or remotely connected. While everyone will wish that Mr. Keen's dream may come true, the present verdict on "The Annotator" can only be—adjourned, pending further evidence.

The personality of Shakespeare intrigues every reader, though only the foolhardy venture to express their fantasies in print. In **"The Personality of Shakespeare"** (Yale University Press, $5) Professor H. G. McCurdy, as a professional psychologist, endeavors to discover some more scientific method of estimating personality than critical intuition. He seeks it in "quantitative analysis." By taking the number of lines spoken by the principal character in a play and assigning it one hundred he then assesses the importance of the other characters by the ratio of their lines. Thus, in "Antony and Cleopatra" Antony is one hundred, Cleopatra eighty, Caesar forty-six, and Enobarbus forty-three. In "Lear" Lear is one hundred, Edgar forty-six, Gloucester forty-seven, Edmund forty-four, Gonerill thirty-four, Regan twenty-seven, Cordelia fifteen, and Gentlman thirteen. These results do, however, somewhat puzzle Professor McCurdy. With the aid of graphs, tables, and other calculations Professor McCurdy concludes that three dominant themes emerge: betrayal, sexual and personal; the father-daughter relationship; and the father-son relationship. After brief examinations of Ariel and Caliban, Bottom and Puck, Falstaff, Toby Belch, Parolles and Cloten, he concludes that the "character weights" for the respective plays produce the "following values, in chronological sequence: .134, .209, .256, .129, .178, .125, .068, 078." "There is a general trend in Shakespeare toward the diminution of the importance of sexual love as the years pass." The objection which the mere literary student makes to this kind of analysis is not that it is too mechanical, but that it is, in fact, too wildly subjective, and ignores so many essential factors—the demands and changing interests of playgoers, the ability of individual actors, the occasion for the play and the conditions of its writing, collaboration or adaption of earlier plays, and a host of other considerations. It is, doubtless, highly significant that each of Shakespeare's latest plays concerns a young, innocent, and attractive girl; but significant of what? That Shakespeare had an elderly man's interest in adolescent girls? Or that there was a vogue for such characters (as indeed there was)? Or that the Company happened at the time to include a boy actor who was particularly skilful in such parts? Until all the factors have been analysed no kind of final conclusion, scientific or otherwise, is possible:

IN WRITING **"The Globe Restored"** (Coward-McCann, $7.50) C. Walter Hodges has two advantages: he is a professional stage-designer and an artist and so brings a particular knowledge which is usually lacking in academic scholars. He writes with zest, but caution. His main thesis is that our detailed knowledge of the Elizabethan stage is very uncertain, especially on such matters as the use and nature of the inner stage; but he is too discreet to express any very definite views, at least in the text. The most valuable part of the book, as doubtless the author intended, is the section of sixty-two photographic plates which include not only the old favorites—the Swan drawing and the Visscher panorama of London—but many contemporary illustrations of street theatres, sixteenth- and seventeenth-century pageants and entertainments, costumes, theatrical devices, and early Continental playhouses. Finally, Mr. Hodges offers eight sketches of his own showing the evolution of the stage from the innyard of *circa* 1565 to the Second Globe of 1614; but yet between "No. 5: A Playhouse *circa* 1595," based on the Swan drawing, and "No. 6: The Fortune Theatre of 1600" based on the Fortune Contract, we look in vain for the Globe of 1599 based on Hodges.



The climax of "Antony and Cleopatra."

"Everyman's Dictionary of Shakespeare Quotations" (Dutton, $4.50) is intended—in the words of the compiler, D. C. Browning—to enable the reader to enjoy the choicest riches of Shakespeare's works "without having to quarry for them himself"—an ignoble aim. The method is to table the plays in the Folio order and from each to extract a copious selection of the best lines and speeches. In addition there is a brief synopsis of the plot; a chronological table; a few extracts from the earlier "tributes"; and an index which, it is claimed, "should suffice for all but the specialist as an effective Shakespeare concordance." It will not. The value of any dictionary or concordance depends largely on an index intelligently compiled, for the user may need any particular line or phrase for a variety of purposes. Thus "The devil damn thee black, thou cream-faced loon" is relevant to studies on the devil, blackening of damned corpses, loons and cream faces. The index records it only under "devil." Similarly, "I know the devil himself will not eat a woman" is relevant to "Devil, tastes of" and "Woman, edibility of"; the "Dictionary" indexes it only under "woman."

SOLUTION OF LAST WEEK'S

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Even there the cuckoo clock had seemed more ornament than a god measuring Time; for in her mother's house, as in her own, time had been shaped by the needs of the land and the animals, swinging through the seasons.

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Americana

Continued from page 15

Dakotas, Montana, and into Southern Canada. As stated earlier, the focus is on the Chisholm Trail, and the treatment is factual rather than imaginative.

It takes some doing to find out even in this exhaustive study exactly what the Chisholm Trail was. Jesse Chisholm, born of a Scottish father and Cherokee mother, was a guide and trader who lived from 1805 to 1868. He had trading stations on the Arkansas and on the North Canadian. To get from one point to the other with wagons and cattle he had to pass through what is known as the Indian Territory. The tracks he left were followed by others and came to be known as Chisholm's Trail. It was but a short section of what later became known as the Chisholm Trail, and many trail drivers argue that the name should never have been allowed to get out of Oklahoma. It seems to me that one fault of this excellent book is that the author did not show on his maps the location of the points between which Chisholm moved, such as the Little Arkansas, Council Grove on the North Canadian, Ninnescah River, and Round Pond Creek. The book shows three main trails: The Chisholm Trail is the central one, running from near Brownsville to San Antonio, Austin, Fort Worth, Red River Station, and ending at Abilene.

It is flanked on the east by the Shawnee Trail from Houston to Dallas, Baxter Springs, Sedalia, and Kansas City. It is flanked on the west by the Western Trail from San Antonio to Fort Griffin, Doan's Crossing on Red River and Dodge City. The dates shown for the beginning and end are 1867 and 1884, the years when the Texas cattle drives were at their peak.

The Chisholm Trail is the symbolic name for the roads north. In addition to thirteen half-tones the book is illustrated with splendid headpieces by Nick Eggenhofer.

Betrayal in Virginia

SPANIARDS ON THE CHESAPEAKE: Thirty-seven years before Jamestown was settled, an attempt was made by a band of Spanish Jesuits to establish a mission in the Chesapeake region. Within a few miles of the later English colony, the mission's existence was a brief one. Landing in September 1570, with limited supplies which were soon exhausted, the missionaries were slaughtered in February 1571, by Indians led by one Don Luis. After some years of association with the Spanish, the acceptance of their religion and a trip to Spain, Don had returned to the New World and lapsed into the ways of his earlier life. Possibly irritated at the remonstrances of his white friends against his defection, perhaps coveting their possessions, he betrayed them.

"The Spanish Jesuit Mission in Virginia 1570-1572," by Clifford M. Lewis and Albert J. Loomie (University of North Carolina Press, $7.50), has a summary of Spain's interest in what became Virginia, followed by Spanish documents and English translation. Those particularly interested in early American history will like the valuable illustrations and elaborate notes.

—Will D. Gilliam, Jr.

Your Literary I. Q.

Conducted by John T. Winterich

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Translators sometimes take liberties with titles, sometimes are literal as all get-out. Here are ten translated titles (all genuine, no phonies) of familiar British and American books in half a dozen languages. If you identify six, give yourself a C, seven B, eight or better A. Answers on page 40.

1. Szafirowe Oczy
2. Le Magasin d'Antiquités
3. Der Scharlachbuchstabe
4. Les Quatre Filles du Docteur Marsh
5. Dublintzy
6. Der Tisch-Despot
7. En Familjeflicka
8. De Trettionio Troppstagen
9. La Capanna dello Zio Tommaso
10. Die Schatzinsel

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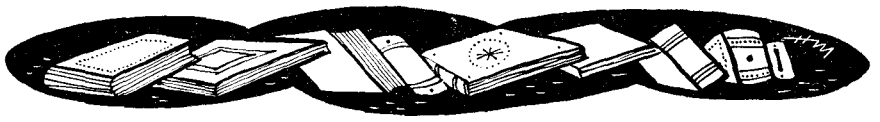

MANY of the books described below, which cannot be reviewed in this issue because of limitations of space, will be given more extended treatment in forthcoming numbers.

AFRICA, LAND OF MY FATHERS. By Era Bell Thompson. Doubleday & Co. $3.75. The written results of a determined junket through all of Africa by the editor of *Ebony* magazine, all done in an effort to understand the roots of the American Negro.

THE AGE OF MOUNTAINEERING. By James Ramsey Ullman. J. B. Lippincott Co. $6. The author of "The White Tower" writes a history of the techniques and achievements in mountain climbing, going as far back as Saussure in 1776, the first climber to conquer Mt. Blanc.

AN AMERICAN IN INDIA. By J. Saunders Redding. The Bobbs-Merrill Co. $3.50. The experiences and opinions of an American Negro's mission to India under State Department auspices and of the peculiar opportunities he had to ferret out from Indian leaders their political opinions.

BLACK POWER. By Richard Wright. Harper & Bros. $4. An intensely personal look at the troubles of Africa's Gold Coast and the author's fascinations, revulsions, doubts, and convictions, all brought back by Mr. Wright after a trip he took there.

BRIDE OF THE CONQUEROR. By Hartzell Spence. Random House. $3.95. The conquest of Peru fictionalized through the eyes of a Spanish lady who leads the women of Peru in civil revolt against the cruelties of the Pizarro regime.

THE CHEERFUL CAPTIVE. By Louise Field Cooper. Harcourt, Brace & Co. $3.75. A comedy of cutups on the part of a mature Connecticut housewife who, finding life dull, flees to Long Island, disrupts lives, flees home, disrupts lives.

CONTRARY PLEASURE. By John D. MacDonald. Appleton-Century-Crofts. $3.50. The lives and loves of four conventional, suburbanized Midwesterners—three brothers and a sister, who might live halfway up the next block from you or me. A novel, by the author of "Cancel All Our Vows. (1953).

THE CUP OF FURY. By Henry Gregor Felsen. Random House. $3. A cautionary little tale about love and its woes in Dellville, Iowa, among the jukebox and hot-rod set.

THE DANCING BEAR. By Frances Faviell. W. W. Norton & Co. $3.50. Memoirs of a ruined city and some ruined characters, pretty much bearing out the opinion of one of their number who says, "We Germans are not democrats . . . Just because we are defeated and occupied it does not mean that our whole natures can be changed."

THE FAMILY NOBODY WANTED. By Helen Doss. Little, Brown & Co. $3.75. The foster mother of twelve adopted children—all of different nationalities—tells how it all happened and how she and her husband managed to keep the roof on the house.

FEDERIGO, OR THE POWER OF LOVE. By Howard Nemerov. Little, Brown & Co. $3.75. A novel whose plot, operatic like its title, deals with the troubles of a man who writes two letters to himself and signs the name of his wife's supposed lover, Federigo, to them.

THE GHOST VOYAGE: OUT OF ESKIMO LAND. By Gontran de Poncins. Translated by Bernard Frechtman. Doubleday & Co. $3.50. The man who explored the emotions and sensitivities of the Eskimos in "Kabloona" has here put down the strangeness he himself felt on his return to life among white men in the persons of two trappers who bring him back to civilization.

HATCHET IN THE SKY. By Margaret Cooper Gay. Simon & Schuster. $4.50. A whopping historical novel in which David Bruce Alexander Caithris, instigated by Bonnie Prince Charlie, covers most of the map in the New World in 1742 with a new adventure on almost every square mile of it.

HESTER LILLY AND TWELVE SHORT STORIES. By Elizabeth Taylor. Viking Press. $3. Some wicked and wistful stories about a girl too old for her school uniform and too young for her dead mother's clothes, about an old codger who suffers from charity in a home for the blind, and about others.

HIGH WATER. By Richard Bissell. Little, Brown & Co. $3.75. All about the race between two Mississippi barge crews, including a sinking, a drowning, a rescue, and quite a little laconic dialogue—as told by the author who turned "7½ Cents" into a Broadway hit.

HIGHER THAN THE SKY. By Frances Cranmer Greenman. Harper & Bros. $4. An, oh, how good it is to be alive book, about the personal experiences of a portrait painter who met a lot of major and minor names and relished each one.

HOME ON THE BEAR'S DOMAIN. By Martha Martin. The Macmillan Co. $3.50. All the woodsy challenges of living are set down in another rugged personal experience by the rugged author of "O Rugged Land of Gold" from the land of gold (and bears), Alaska.

IDEAS AND OPINIONS. By Albert Einstein. Crown Publishers. $4. Great thoughts of a great man, assembled for the first time into one volume. The volume includes "The World as I See It" (1934), "Out of My Later Years" (1950), and "Mein Weltbild" (1953), all arranged sectionally by subject matter.

IN THE NAME OF SANITY. By Lewis Mumford. Harcourt, Brace & Co. $3.75. Mr. Mumford implores the world to come to its senses and to make use of the techniques of creativity instead of those of disintegration. And he comes up with some plain-spoken ideas for achieving his purpose.

IRREGULARS, PARTISANS, GUERILLAS. Edited by Irwin R. Blacker. Simon & Schuster. $5. A roundup of just about all there is to say about guerilla warfare, its tactics, brutalities, and loyalties—and its place in history.

LAUNCELOT MY BROTHER. By Dorothy James Roberts. Appleton-Century-Crofts. $3.95. Last year Miss Roberts overlapped a little in "The Enchanted Cup" into the story of Launcelot and Guenivere. Now she has expanded that story into a full novel.

LORD GRIZZLY. By Frederick F. Manfred. McGraw-Hill Book Co. $3.75. A novel about a nineteenth-century hunting scout who had a great deal of animal vitality and a great many chances to make use of it as he wandered over most of the map of North and South Dakota and other places.

MADAMI. By Anne E. Putnam with Allan Keller. Prentice-Hall. $3.95. Or "My Eight Years of Adventure with the Congo Pygmies"—plus personal experience with a houseful of ants, the intrusions of a jungleful of Hollywood photographers down for a picture, and more.

MORALS AND MEDICINE. By John Fletcher. Princeton University Press. $4.50. A leading Protestant theologian discusses such matters of medical morals as contraception, artificial insemination, sterilization, and euthanasia, all of which, take or give a little, he believes are inalienable rights. The chapters were presented as the Lowell Lectures at Harvard in 1949.

MOST LIKELY TO SUCCEED. By John Dos Passos. Prentice-Hall. $3.50. The Twenties' Mr. Dos Passos writes a novel about the people who drifted into Communism in the 1930s. It centers around a boy and a girl who meet on a ship coming to the U. S. and soon get into the thick of things.

NORTH OF WELFARE. By William Krasner. Harper & Bros. $3.50. A prowl through pinched lives of some Spanish Harlemites. A novel by the author of "The Gambler" and "Walk the Dark Streets."

POEMS OF FIVE DECADES. By Max Eastman. Harper & Bros. $3.50. The versatile Mr. Eastman has saved up his poems from five decades and published them with several little prose apologies scattered in among them.

A POINT OF BALANCE. By Barbara Collard. Funk & Wagnalls. $3.50. The disorderly experiences of one Catherine Acton, a British Land Army recruit, lead her (1) into bed with an actor-critic, (2) into the same compromising position with his son, and (3) into that aimless, drifting life in a big city, London.

THE RAINBOW BRIDGE. By Mary Watkins Cushing. G.P. Putnam's Sons. $4. A portrait, done in affection, of the great opera singer Olive Fremstad, who sang at the Met and was, besides being a house-sized prima donna, the figure on whom Willa Cather based her heroine in "Song of the Lark." Mrs. Cushing served as Madame Fremstad's right-hand woman for nearly half a singing century.

THE REMARKABLE MR. JEROME. By Anita Leslie. Henry Holt & Co. $4. All about the remarkable Mr. Jerome and the remarkable Mrs. Jerome, who were the American grandparents of Winston Churchill, and how they managed (with the help of charm and a bank balance) to make their way into European society and assure their daughters of spectacular marriages and themselves of at least one famous grandson—whose first cousin (once removed) tells the story.

THE SILVER SPADE. By Whitney Bolton. Farrar, Straus & Young. $3.75. Some biographical insight into the silvered touch of hotel millionaire Conrad Hilton, including his pragmatic faith in prayer—he roused his staff at 6:45 one morning to pray for the purchase of the Waldorf—and transient other glimpses into himself and his family.

THE SORCERESS. By Nathaniel Norsen Weinreb. Doubleday & Co. $3.95. A new stitching of the slender thread of the Biblical story of Deborah, sorceress and lady judge. By the author of "The Babylonians."

STONY LONESOME. By Scott Hart. Coward-McCann. $3. The time: 1865. The place: Eastern Virginia. The situation: a feud between two female cousins who live in opposite sides of the same old house, Stony Lonesome, and who both become involved with young Captain Peter Owenfield.

SUNK. By Mochitsura Hashimoto. Translated by Commander E.H.M. Colegrave, R.N. Henry Holt & Co. $3.95. A Japanese Navy commander records the blow-by-blow face-saving activities of his country's submarine fleet during the sometime past conflagration. With an introduction by the author of "Submarine," Commander Edward L. Beach, USN.

TWO BY TWO. By Mary Stolz. Houghton Mifflin Co. $3.50. A mothering tale about two youngsters on the edge of innocence which ends happily even if Harry did become involved in the death of a man and even if Nan was ambiguous, ambivalent, and too much attached to her parents.

THE WHITE AND THE GOLD. By Thomas B. Costain. Doubleday & Co. $5. The best-selling historical novelist begins a non-fiction series on the history of Canada, of which this book, centering on seventeenth-century French activities in New France, is Number One.

THE WILDERNESS WORLD OF JOHN MUIR. Edited by Edwin Way Teale. Houghton Mifflin Co. $4.50. Selections of the Scotch-American naturalist's writings, full of bird and bee and grasshopper delights, plus some bridging of gaps in the author's life by the editor.

—JOHN HAVERSTICK.

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NEW EDITIONS

Immortality of Evil

HARCOURT, Brace & Company has published a new edition of George Orwell's masterpiece. Am I speaking of "Nineteen Eighty-Four"? No, of "Animal Farm." The first is a large work of imaginative fiction that has its faults as well as its virtues; the second is a small work of truth, shaped by imagination, that is as nearly flawless as such things can be. When I read and reviewed the English edition of "Animal Farm"—it came from the press in the fateful month of August 1945, which saw the first atomic bombs to be used in warfare fall from American bomb-bays over Japan—when I read and reviewed it a few months after publication, I knew that I was dealing with lasting stuff, that I had probably been privileged to greet a minor classic at birth. Since then I have often picked up the thin book, badly printed on poor paper—a lasting reminder of the trials of British wartime publishing—and I have always returned to it with undiminishing pleasure and unimpaired respect. Now that I have just read the story straight through again, in the new plump and handsome edition ($2.95) illustrated by Joy Batchelor and John Halas, I find that all my old feelings about it are renewed, all my old judgments confirmed.

Orwell labeled his tale "A Fairy Story," and I think it a pity that his subtitle has been dropped for the American trade; but by now, of course, the secret has long been out, and everyone knows that "Animal Farm" is a brilliant satirical account, in parable form, of the early years of the Russian Revolution and the swift betrayal of the ideals that were supposed to animate it. The qualities that make for classic satire are all here—simplicity, lucidity, brevity, factuality, wit, imagination, a sustained harmony of overt amusement and covert indignation, and a superficial dispassion which serves to mask gracefully, but not to conceal, strong emotional currents and firm intellectual principles. Best of all, "Animal Farm" would continue to have a vigorous life of its own even if every detail of the Russian Revolution were forgotten by its readers. Those readers would miss the pleasure of identifying the great pigs, Napoleon and Snowball, with their famous originals; they would miss the full historical significance of the Battle of the Cowshed; they would be unable to match the changing slogans of the pigs against the changes of the protean Party Line—but they would still find "Animal Farm" a powerful political satire of enduring worth, firmly rooted in the enduring nature of man. And they would still find it a joy to read.

DOUBLEDAY has reprinted the beautifully illustrated Heritage Press edition of "Lust for Life" ($4.95) as the Twentieth Anniversary Edition of the fascinating book which launched Irving Stone on his remarkably successful career. When he discovered the popular possibilities of Vincent Van Gogh's letters to Theo, Mr. Stone struck pay dirt—richer than any he has worked since. Mika Waltari's "The Egyptian," now reduced to $1.98 (Putnam), is probably a better-than-average specimen of the successful mid-twentieth-century historical novel; but I can recommend it only as an excellent synthetic soporific. A jacket note on the latest edition of "Gone With the Wind" (Garden City, $1.98) tells us that it has already been "read by over 20,000,000 people." Alberto Moravia's lively novel of opera bouffe intrigue, sex, and sudden death—"The Fancy Dress Party" (Signet, 25¢)—is moderately entertaining throughout; but it promises to be more than that, and in spots it is.

John Bryson's edition of "Matthew Arnold: Poetry and Prose," in the admirable Reynard Library (Harvard, $4.75), should help to broaden the base of the renewed popularity of a truly eminent Victorian. And a few hours spent with G. M. Young's "Macaulay: Prose and Poetry" ($4.75), in the same library, should suffice to convince judicious readers that Macaulay, despite the sneers of his detractors, is one of the most accomplished and effective writers who have used English.

Miguel de Unamuno's philosophical essay "Tragic Sense of Life"—the work of a man who was obsessed by a passionate desire for personal immortality—has been reprinted by Dover ($1.90). L. Susan Stebbing refused to call her little book "Logic in Practice" (Barnes & Noble, $1.50) an introduction to logic; but it is certainly one of the best of easy prefaces to a thorny discipline.

—BEN RAY REDMAN.

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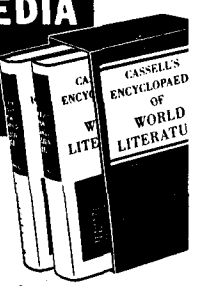

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World of the Cross

Continued from page 12

United Nations, but the possibility of total war and the right of national self-defense were also taken seriously.

When one undertakes to assess the import of the entire gathering several conclusions emerge sharply. One is that the movement toward unity among the Protestant and Orthodox communions is a powerful force despite continuing differences in organization and doctrine. For several centuries Christendom has been in process of schism and fragmentation. In the United States alone this process has led to the creation of nearly 300 separate Protestant denominations. Now the tides are running rapidly in the other direction. In the period between 1937 and 1952 thirteen organic unions of church bodies were achieved and sixteen additional ones were under discussion.

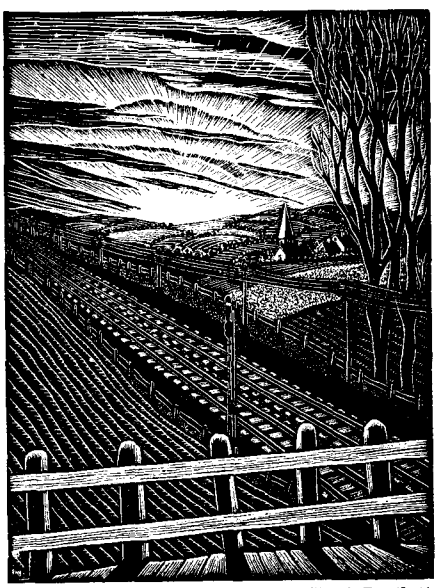
While the World Council of Churches has no desire to become a World Church, it deserves much credit for bringing the various denominations into touch with each other; it does not negotiate unions, but it is very effective in increasing the spirit of unity. In the words of its principal executive officer, "The Council can and must work to create a situation in which there is so much in common between the churches that there is no adequate reason for them to remain separate from each other." The Council has already achieved this goal to some degree, not only in two world assemblies and innumerable smaller conferences, but also in such cooperative works of mercy as its program of aid to refugees, in which it has administered $32,000,000 contributed by member churches and other sources in the last six years.

A second result of the meeting at Evanston is that millions of Americans have seen their religion and their nation in a new perspective, if only briefly. They have been given a fleeting glance of an international, interracial community of believers that penetrates even through the Iron Curtain. Journalistic efforts to dramatize the presence of delegates from Hungary and Czechoslovakia may have had unanticipated effects in reminding Americans that there are Christians also there. And the brave words of a churchman who has stood up daily for years against totalitarian regimes, Bishop Dibelius of Berlin, may help American Christians to appraise their own powerful and favored nation more soberly: "The church has to obey God rather than men . . . For this conviction we went to prison and to concentration camps . . . The totalitarian state is really totalitarian only when the church, as a church, no longer exists within its orbit." The cult of deification of the nation, epitomized in McCarthyism, can derive no comfort from such loyalties.

Thirdly, hundreds of religious leaders from around the world had a chance to see something of America, many of them for the first time. Chicago doubtless confirmed certain bad impressions, especially in staging several gangland murders during the period of the meeting. But even in Chicago, and overwhelmingly in Evanston, the visitors found the open-hearted generosity and kindness that have distinguished the American in his better moments. Many who came with an inclination to scoff remained to joke—and praise—and pray.

PERHAPS most important of all, the gathering at Evanston was a microcosm of the Christian world, with one notable exception, and its unfeigned good will and brotherliness augur a growing sense of community across all barriers that divide men.

It may be idle to speculate that the Church may set for the nations an effective example of living together in a divided world. The nations have no common faith or loyalty to match that which brought the religious representatives together. The creation of a common world *ethos* is one of the items of urgent business for religious leadership. Meanwhile, and toward that end, the churches are beginning to heed the admonition of one of the pronouncements from Evanston: "The Church must seek to be the kind of community which God wants the world to become."



—E. W. Bartlett.

". . . in concord despite differences."

How Writers Earn

Continued from page 10

expensive restaurants. If his sales are under 5,000 he is likely to hear a great deal about business conditions and the publisher's getting-out figure or break-even point. Each new book is a separate venture and requires a new investment in design, jacket, composition, and electroplates. The investment can't be figured on a per-copy basis, since it is just as large for a sale of 5,000 copies as it would be for 50,000. A certain number of copies must be sold before the investment has been recovered; that number, different for each book, is its break-even point.

For all books the figure has been rising, as a result of higher wages in the printing trades. Back in the 1930s the late W. W. Norton, an extremely able publisher, used to make a small profit on scholarly books after they reached a sale of 1,300-1,400 copies. Today the getting-out figure for a novel of medium length and price is often said to be 10,000—but that is a story told by publishers who may be displaying a human weakness for exaggeration. Any novelist whose last book has reached a sale of 5,000 copies and whose next manuscript is as good as its predecessor can be pretty sure that it will be accepted for publication. The fact remains that most novels don't reach a bookstore sale of 5,000 and are losing ventures for their publishers. As for the authors, they earned no more by writing unsuccessful novels than they might have earned on a one-mule cotton farm.

ALTHOUGH the publication of a first book is likely to be a very small financial transaction, it may have important consequences for the author. If the book is widely reviewed his name will acquire some value in the literary world. He has a chance of obtaining a literary prize or a fellowship, and there are many more of these than there were before World War II. Magazines will show more interest in his articles or stories.

For more than a century magazine publication was the principal source of income for American writers of almost every type, from Jack London to Henry James. Lately it has become a less important source, as a result of sweeping changes in the magazine world. General or family periodicals used to offer the best market for free-lance writing, but most of these had vanished long before 1950. Exceptions are *The Saturday Evening Post, Collier's* (now

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a fortnightly), and *Cosmopolitan*, which still print articles and stories for all the family. Pulp-paper magazines, another important market, have been losing circulation as their former readers bought television sets. Their former contributors, in many cases, have been learning the new art of writing television serials.

Most of the weeklies and monthlies that flourish in the 1950s are making their appeal to a particular audience, or to a particular interest of the wider audience. Among them are picture magazines, news magazines, women's magazines—men's magazines, too, though they aren't so popular—fashion magazines, home-and-garden magazines, how-to-do-it magazines (a hundred of these), age-group magazines (like *Seventeen*, for girls, and *Red Book*, redesigned for young marrieds), movie and television magazines, confessional magazines (mostly confessing to sexual delinquencies), hunting-and-fishing magazines, farm journals, business magazines, and magazine digests. Many of them are so specialized that they have to be written by a trained and salaried staff. All except the digests cut down the space for text by using a great many photographs.

In the 1920s the text had consisted—by a commonly quoted figure—70 per cent of fiction and 30 per cent of nonfiction; in the 1950s the proportion has been reversed. With more demand for articles their authors are being paid, on the average, much more than they would have received thirty years before; some of the new men live so well and travel so widely gathering material they can't afford to write books. The payment for fiction hasn't greatly changed; generally the minimum is higher, but the maximum is lower except in the very competitive field of the women's magazines. No fiction writer is being paid $4,000 for each accepted story, as Scott Fitzgerald was regularly paid in 1930 by *The Saturday Evening Post*. Unless his stories are bought by Hollywood—and not many are—I doubt that anyone is earning as much per year by writing magazine fiction as Jack London earned in 1910, when dollars were bigger and there was no income tax. Still, it seems to authors in other fields that successful story writers, even in the 1950s, are making their livings the easy way.

Lecturing to forums and women's clubs is a more laborious means of increasing a writer's income; usually it involves long journeys and low fees. The lecturers in greatest demand are the authors of inspirational books, adventurous travelers, political analysts, flower arrangers, and hand-

The Criminal Record

The Saturday Review's Guide to Detective Fact and Fiction

Title and Author	Crime, Place, and Sleuth	Summing Up	Verdict
RUN, KILLER, RUN *William Campbell Gault* (Dutton: $2.75)	Framed LA ex-bookie breaks jail, seeks vengeance; gal is big help.	Too much program, chatter; moves when allowed.	Medium
SINISTER STONES *Arthur W. Upfield* (Crime Club: $2.75)	Cop-killing in Australian desert draws Insp. Bonaparte to grim region.	Excellent travelogue; action good, with much detection.	Nice going
MURDER IN PASTICHE *Marion Mainwaring* (Macmillan: $2.75)	Subtitle: "Nine Detectives All at Sea" (notable fictional eyes on one case).	Takeoffs mainly good, but parodies imperil plot.	Stunt stuff
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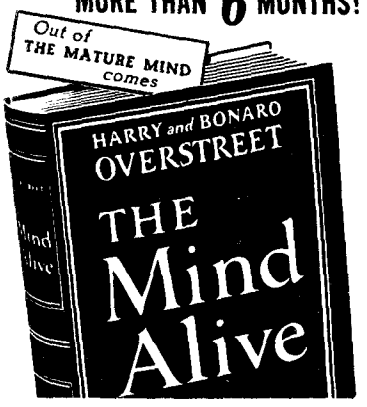

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some novelists whose names are in the news. A rather new development is the increasing number of requests from colleges for lectures by serious or symbolic novelists (who mightn't be so newsworthy or handsome), new critics, and new poets. Some of these travel from college to college in little bands and are entertained like medieval troubadours.

Many writers are employed by institutions of various types, often on a permanent basis. The salaried writer is a new figure in American society and he isn't always easy to recognize. Sometimes he is disguised as a businessman, hired by a corporation to act as its spokesman or to edit and contribute articles to its house organ. Sometimes his disguise is a military or naval uniform. The Army, the Navy, and the Air Force all have their historians and also their authors of manuals and reports, some of which are distributed by the millions, while others are designed to be read by a highly restricted audience of staff officers.

The writer may also be employed by other branches of the Federal Government, which, among its many functions, is the largest American publishing house; most of its bulletins and handbooks are written by salaried officials. In Hollywood the writer may be employed to write scenarios, or merely dialogue for scenarios; in New York he may be hired on a yearly basis by a national magazine. Several encyclopedias maintain a salaried writing staff. Northwestern University has a bureau, with salaried employes, that accepts contracts to write business histories.

The free-lance writer—that vanishing type—may be engaged in an even greater variety of projects. Language is the medium in which our culture exists and in which its knowledge is diffused and preserved. The independent writer is, among other things, an engineer of language, and he never knows what institution or individual may next demand his services. An advertising agency may need his help in planning a television program for one of its clients. A charitable foundation, after making a social survey, may call upon the writer to make a readable story out of its findings. A manufacturer needs a handbook for his agents and customers. A statesman, a general, or a famous actor has been asked to write his memoirs, but lacks a gift for self-expression in words. Nevertheless a workmanlike book appears; it is the story of the public figure "as told to John Hartley Weber," who of course did the writing. Or the children of a dead industrialist decide that he should have a published memorial and engage a professional author to write his biography.

Some of these projects offer no more than a living wage, or less, but others are fairly remunerative: for example, an established author might be paid $50,000 for writing a businessman's biography on which he has worked for two or three years. All the projects have one feature in common: they are undertaken chiefly because the writer needs money. If he can support himself, even modestly, by what he regards as his own work, he is likely to keep his independence by refusing the most tempting offers from outside sources. Perhaps the most fortunate writers—except for the few with a large and devoted audience—are those who have developed some special skill on which they can depend for the larger part of their incomes. They spend part of the week editing or teaching or giving literary advice or writing a particular type of commercial articles or stories, with the result that they can spend the rest of it writing for themselves or posterity.

WRITERS are part of a highly competitive industry that is oversupplied with workers; outside of the printing trades it has no effective labor unions. The Authors' League, which comes nearest to serving in that capacity, had about 7,000 members at the beginning of this year, but not all of them were in good standing. Before the reorganization now under way it was divided into five professional guilds. One of these—the Dramatists' Guild, with 1,800 members—had organized its special field to such an extent that it was able to negotiate on equal terms with theatrical producers. The Authors' Guild of the League, with 2,700 members—or less than half of the professionals in the book and magazine field—has done a great deal to improve the terms of publishers' contracts; lately it has been fighting for higher royalties on soft-cover reprints, with a larger share of the royalties paid to the author. But the Guild has to argue

and plead; it isn't strong enough to present demands and enforce them by going on strike, as labor unions do.

Many fields of literary activity have suffered from low pay and hasty work, which usually go together, but translation has suffered most of all. Translation should be something more than a trade for hopeful novices and embittered veterans without leisure enough to write books of their own. Translation is an art that involves the re-creation of a work in another language, for readers with a different background of experience who still must be made to understand what the author means and implies. The art can't be mastered in a year or two; ideally it would be the study of a lifetime. In this country after World War II there were few professional translators, since most writers got out of the field after finding that they couldn't earn a living there by doing good work. That was one reason for the failure of many foreign books in the United States. Ineptly translated they hadn't really crossed the Atlantic, but had been left sailing from port to port like refugees.

Poetry also suffers from being miserably paid work, but the publishers are less to blame for that condition than is the bookstore audience. Many publishers like poetry and would issue more of it if they could count on an average sale of 1,500 copies per volume; they would be losing a little money, but would feel that they were performing a useful service. In the 1950s 800 copies has been about the average for books of verse not issued at the poet's expense, and that means a greater loss than publishers can often afford. Books for which the poet pays the cost of publication seldom have any sale, except to relatives.

As for the absent readers of poetry, most of them claim that it has become "too difficult," but it isn't always so, and hardly anyone argues that the less difficult poets have found a wider audience than the others. The fact seems to be that the more difficult poets are a little more likely to be praised and hence to find readers in a limited circle consisting chiefly of other poets, students of poetry, and book reviewers, who often regard obscurity as a challenge. In effect, poets are being encouraged to write for that limited circle. Instead of saying that modern poetry lacks read-

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LITERARY I.Q. ANSWERS

1. Hardy: "A Pair of Blue Eyes" (Hungarian). 2. Dickens: "The Old Curiosity Shop" (French). 3. Hawthorne: "The Scarlet Letter" (German). 4. Alcott: "Little Women" (French). 5. Joyce: "Dubliners" (Russian). 6. Holmes: "The Autocrat of the Breakfast Table" (German). 7. Tarkington: "Alice Adams" (Swedish). 8. Buchan: "The Thirty-Nine Steps" (Swedish). 9. Stowe: "Uncle Tom's Cabin" (Italian). 10. Stevenson: "Treasure Island" (German).

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ers because it is difficult, one might come closer to the truth by saying that many modern poets are difficult because they lack general readers.

Poets are the worst paid of all literary workers, and I might end this brief survey with a few notes on their economic situation. If they earn their livings—and not all of them do, some of them being supported by relatives—it is chiefly by other means than writing poems. A published book of verse might bring them royalties of $200 and as much again in reprint rights—or possibly more, in the course of years. For some reason anthologies of poetry have a better sale than volumes by separate authors and hence earn more for their editors, as well as paying fees to the poets whose work has been reprinted.

A few universities offer appointments to poets in residence, one at each university, but these posts aren't filled every year. On the other hand, poets are eligible for a good many prizes and fellowships. I should estimate that a little more than $10,000 a year in prize money is being distributed to American poets, and a larger but variable sum in fellowships. Poets also earn a little by contributing verse to magazines, although the market is limited; only two or three American weeklies publish a fair amount of serious poetry.

A better source of income, for those with a platform manner, is lecturing about poetry and reading their poems to college students and women's clubs. But all these activities together wouldn't have supported twenty poets during the year if all the income produced by the activities had gone to those twenty. There are hundreds of poets in the country and I know of only two who earn a livelihood by writing poetry: one is Robert Frost, who also gives readings, and the other is Ogden Nash.

Many, perhaps most, of the recognized poets teach in universities. The others support themselves in a variety of fashions. Among the better known are two businessmen, a lawyer, a retired doctor, several housewives, some men and women with small private incomes, a publisher, an editor, an ex-janitor, and, until recently, a professional bar-fly. The bar-fly was Maxwell Bodenheim, who had never worked—except for the Federal Writers' Project—and who was murdered last winter in a cheap lodging house. His funeral expenses were paid by his former friend and literary associate, Ben Hecht, who has made a great deal of money writing for the movies. There is a moral here, but it isn't a simple one and I won't look for it.

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(continued from page 41)

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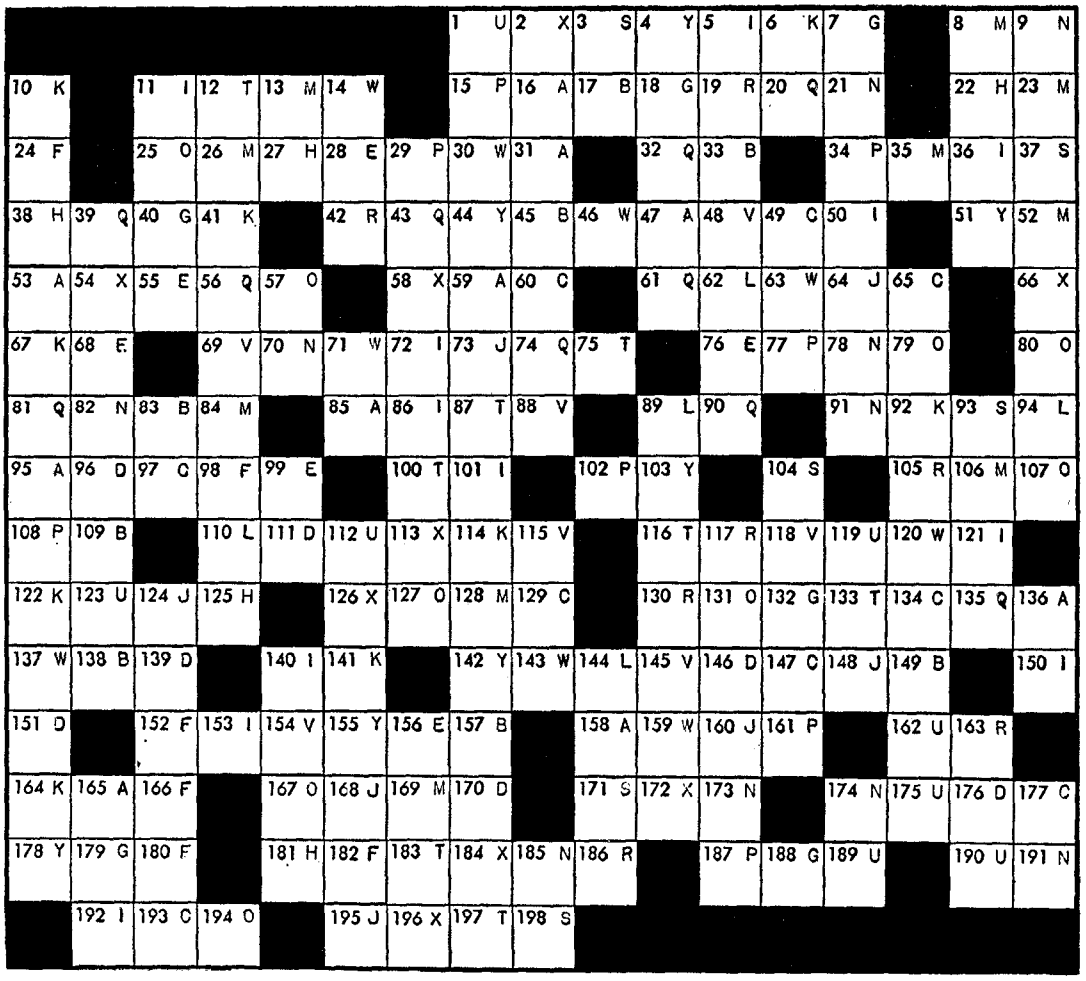
DEFINITIONS	WORDS
A. Eleventh U.S. president to bear a title of "general."	16 165 136 95 47 59 158 85 31 53
B. Amer. author, 1888, "The Great Cryptogram," to prove that Bacon wrote Shakespeare.	157 138 17 83 33 109 45 149
C. Shrunken into corrugations.	129 193 65 147 97 60 49 134 177
D. Gave forth thin, belllike sounds.	111 96 139 170 146 151 176
E. Said of a shaft journal fitted with a collar at either end to prevent endwise motion.	68 55 76 28 156 99
F. Living before the others.	24 182 180 98 166 152
G. Josephine's son whom Napoleon elevated to be heir apparent to crown of Italy (17-81-1824).	18 188 7 40 132 179
H. To braid.	22 27 125 38 181
I. Ordinal number of our next Congress (comp.).	72 5 121 150 140 50 11 101 153 36 192 86
J. One characteristic feature of the conservation measures, World War II.	73 64 148 195 160 168 124
K. Plant of the genus *Aconitum*.	122 92 6 114 10 164 67 141 41
L. Austria-born première danseuse of the Met. for many years.	144 62 110 94 89

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
M. Party in the Anglican communion stressing liturgy and ritual (2 wds.).	23 128 84 35 13 52 26 106 169 8
N. Forerunner (1850) of the tuba in brass bands.	191 174 21 82 91 185 78 9 173 70
O. Forerunner of the "cabaña" on a bathing beach.	167 107 79 57 127 131 80 25 194
P. Depress with haughty looks or arrogant speech.	102 161 187 108 15 77 29 34
Q. Homely lethal weapon of a murderous wife in the Twenties (2 wds.).	81 74 135 39 61 90 43 56 32 20
R. What Hamlet's mother said he "bent his eye" on when he saw the Ghost.	42 117 130 19 163 105 186
S. Capital of Turkey.	171 93 198 37 3 104
T. The sperm whale.	197 12 133 116 87 75 183 100
U. Slaughterhouse.	175 1 123 189 190 162 119 112
V. Three-legged metal stands.	48 154 145 118 115 88 69
W. Railing denunciation.	137 120 159 46 30 63 143 71 14
X. Originating in another place than this city (comp.).	196 2 126 54 66 58 113 184 172
Y. Freshness which Southey called "the great parent of pleasure."	155 44 142 103 178 51 4



DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-odd WORDS, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. Alongside each definition, there is a row of dashes—one for each letter in the required word. When you have guessed a word, write it on the dashes, and also write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square of the puzzle diagram. . . When the squares are all filled in, you will find that you have completed a quotation from some published work. If read up and down, the letters in the diagram have no meaning. . . Black squares indicate ends of words; if there is no black square at the right side of the diagram, the word carries over to the next line. . . When all the WORDS are filled in, their initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Of great help to the solver are this acrostic feature and the relative shapes of words in the diagram as they develop.

Authority for spellings and definitions is Webster's New International Dictionary, Second Edition.

Solution of last week's Double-Crostic will be found on page 32 of this issue.

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SR/ RECORDINGS SECTION

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Pandemonium Pays Off

By WHITNEY BALLIETT

SOME years ago, when jazz became portly enough to warrant its own cortege of critics, one began hearing, among other things, that this new music was an art of revolt. Nevertheless, just as this land was once a wind-rolled wilderness that has since been urbanely corseted by conveyor belts, advertising agencies, and respectability, so jazz has finally run head on into its potential master. He is Norman Granz, a lean, fast-talking, sandy-haired man of thirty-six, who sometimes affects a porkpie hat, and who sends out singlehandedly over a good part of the Western world a yearly series of jazz concert tours known as "Jazz at the Philharmonic," (JATP to the intimate), owns and operates a record company that has mushroomed so violently in its first year it has had to be split into two companies to accommodate overworked distribution facilities, and, as a canny, granitic businessman and the hope and fear of the rest of the jazz promotion world, is generally regarded as the first person who has ever been able to successfully mass-produce jazz.

The total worth of these enterprises is currently estimated by Granz at five million dollars. Of this, a million accrues from JATP, and the rest from his record firm. These staggering sums—staggering, at least, for jazz, since it was not long ago that jazzmen were frequently reported dying of malnutrition and exposure—are easily accounted for, if not easily explained. Last year, JATP included eleven jazz musicians and a singer, who played in fifty American and Canadian cities where seventy-five concerts were held; in Japan, where twenty-four concerts were given; in Honolulu; and in twenty-five cities in Europe, where some fifty concerts occurred. The group appeared before approximately 400,000 persons, who paid from $2 to $4.80 for their seats.

Granz's recording activities, which are hastily sandwiched in between tours and business trips abroad, were equally cornucopic. Over 200 ten- and twelve-inch jazz LP albums were released on the Clef and Norgran labels, with a recent month finding twenty-one new Granz albums flowing into record stores across the country. Columbia and Victor, who have again returned to the marketing of jazz in a big way, managed to release about forty albums apiece. In fact, 50 per cent of all the jazz records released last year came from Granz factories, a development that has become somewhat of an uneasy joke in the industry. Granz's recording efforts, in addition to being abundant, are encyclopedic. At present his catalogue lists seven LPs devoted to the work of Lester Young. Art Tatum is represented by five twelve-inch LPs, with seven more promised. Charlie Parker has eight. Johnny Hodges has five. And Oscar Peterson, the twenty-nine-year-old Canadian pianist, who has virtually been handmaidened into fame by Granz and has since become the Granz house pianist, now has sixteen albums to his credit.

Granz, or "Mr. Jazz," as he is often affectionately referred to by his admirers, was born in Los Angeles, and attended UCLA, where, as a part-time quotation clerk with the Los Angeles Stock Exchange, he picked up some useful rudiments about money. After college and a stint in the Army, which was followed by a film editor's job at M-G-M, Granz, who was a jazz fan and a self-styled liberal, decided that jazz should be listened to in the pleasantest possible surroundings by the largest possible number of people of all races, creeds, and colors. The non-segregational concert hall was the answer. After running a series of successful informal concerts at the Los Angeles Philhar-

Norman Granz—"Mr. Jazz."

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Keepin' Out Of Mischief
I Can't Give You Anything But Love

6. KEN GRIFFIN
Scatter-Brain
Now Is The Hour

7. TONY BENNETT
Close Your Eyes
We Mustn't Say Goodbye

8. HARRY JAMES and his Orchestra
Stompin' At The Savoy (Part I)
Stompin' At The Savoy (Part II)

9. DAVE BRUBECK QUARTET
Don't Worry 'Bout Me (Part I)
Don't Worry 'Bout Me (Part II)

10. BENNY GOODMAN and his Orchestra
Wolverine Blues
You're Right—I'm Wrong

11. LES ELGART and his Orchestra
Josephine
Easy Pickin'

12. DUKE ELLINGTON and his Orchestra
Primping For The Prom
B Sharp Boston

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13. THE PHILADELPHIA ORCHESTRA
Eugene Ormandy, conductor
Smetana: The Bartered Bride
1. Polka
2. Dance of the Comedians

14. ROYAL PHILHARMONIC ORCHESTRA
conducted by Sir Thomas Beecham, Bart.
Tchaikovsky: Nutcracker Suite, Op. 71a
1. Russian Dance (Trepak)
2. Chinese Dance
3. Dance of the Sugar Plum Fairy
Massenet: The Last Sleep Of The Virgin

15. ANDRE KOSTELANETZ and his Orchestra
Tchaikovsky: The Sleeping Beauty—Ballet Music, Op .66
1. Introduction (Allegro vivo)
2. Dance Scene (Entrance of the Fairies)

16. ALBERT SCHWEITZER
Bach: Organ Preludes
1. Ein' Feste Burg Ist Unser Gott
2. Gottes Sohn Ist Kommen; Sei Gegrusset Jesu Gutig

17. ISAAC STERN, violin
A. Zakin, piano
Moussorgsky: Hopak (Arr. by Rachmaninoff)
Stravinsky: Berceuse from "Firebird Suite"

18. RUDOLF SERKIN, piano
Schubert: Moments Musicaux, Op. 94
1. First Movement: Moderato
2. Third Movement: Allegro moderato
Fifth Movement: Allegro vivace

19. ANNA RUSSELL
Chlorophyll Solly
Dripping With Gore
Noisy Neighbors
Miserable

20. ZINO FRANCESCATTI, violin
Artur Balsam, piano
Paganini: Carnival Of Venice (Parts I & II)

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21. PHILHARMONIC ORCHESTRA OF NEW YORK
Josef Stransky, Conductor
Beethoven: Symphony No. 5 In C Minor
Second Movement: Andante con moto (Beginning)
PHILHARMONIC-SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA OF NEW YORK
Bruno Walter, conducting
Beethoven: Symphony No. 5 In C Minor;
Second Movement: Andante con moto (Conclusion)

22. CELESTINA BONINSEGNA Soprano
Bellini: Casta Diva from "Norma"
Bellini: Bello A Me Ritorna from "Norma"

23. MARY GARDEN, Soprano
Jongleur de Notre Dame: Liberté
Herodiade: Il est doux

24. ROSA PONSELLE, Soprano
Aida: Ritorna Vincitor
Pagliacci: Ballatella

25. AL JOLSON, with Guy Lombardo and His Royal Canadians
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monic Auditorium he took, in the fall of 1945, a hand-picked group of musicians on a limited tour of the Western United States and Canada.

UNFORTUNATELY, the public, unlike Barkis, was not willing, and the tour collapsed in Canada after working its way up the West Coast. A few years later, with the assistance of names on the Granz payroll like Gene Krupa, Coleman Hawkins, Bill Harris, Flip Phillips, and Buddy Rich, and with the release of the first of fifteen on-the-spot recordings of JATP concerts, the public changed its mind. In the meantime, Granz had not forgotten his liberal instincts. He succeeded in taking his groups, which have been a consistent mixture of Negro and white, into those parts of the country where racial bias still persists, and two years ago had a rider put in certain of his contracts with theatre owners to the effect that if he, Granz, finds that any discrimination has been practised against his audiences, 50 per cent of the theatre manager's take will be immediately forfeit.

Since the shaky days of 1945 Granz's acquaintances have been continually astonished by his drive and durability in a notoriously unsympathetic business. He works without any regular assistants, outside of a few harassed secretaries and a publicity agent—an office-in-the-hat type of operation that prompted an associate to refer to Granz the other day as a "walking corporation." Granz books all his own concerts, an accomplishment that was of some proportions in the pioneering days, and that has since been partially alleviated by his practise of booking future concerts in a city while his men are playing it. In line with his recent efforts to give his enterprises a single, well-honed edge, Granz now schedules concerts in new cities on the strength of his record sales in that city, for the roster of his recording artists, which numbers over a hundred, is a fairly accurate mirror, past and present, of the personnel he has had in his various JATP groups.

Granz attends every concert JATP gives, acting as both M.C. and stage manager. Out front, he seems an almost timid figure, for he is distinguished in neither voice nor presence. Backstage, however, Granz is like a hurricane on the wax. "I go crazy at concerts," he said recently. "I lose my temper every five minutes. I yell at everybody. I'm rude to people who pester me. Every concert has to go perfectly. If somebody goofs he pays for it." But if Granz is inflammable under pressure he is generally of temperate mien. Most of his musicians like working for him, and return to JATP year in and year out. There

Roy Eldridge and "Flip" Phillips—"blood-stopping whistles and stamping feet."

are occasional familial eruptions, of course, such as a falling out about a year ago that Granz had with Buddy Rich, the drummer. Rich blatantly announced through the pages of *Downbeat* magazine that he was through with JATP because Granz made his musicians play nothing but "junk." Granz answered by saying hotly that he never told his musicians what to play, and that Rich was a "liar" and an "adolescent." A few months later Rich was contentedly thumping away on a new Granz recording date, and appeared, as usual, in last year's JATP lineup.

Granz the businessman has occasionally made profitable room for Granz the jazz lover. In 1944, for instance, he supervised the only honest motion picture ever made about jazz. A short, photographed in color by Gjon Mili, and called "Jammin' the Blues," it won an Academy Award for the best short feature of the year. (Many of the musicians involved, naturally, were drawn from the Granz-sponsored concert group then appearing in Los Angeles.) In 1949, when he was using the facilities of the Mercury record company, he issued a deluxe twelve-inch 78-rpm album which featured such oddities as Harry Carney, the baritone saxophone player, pitted against strings, the unorthodox arrangements of George Handy and Ralph Burns, an extraordinary unaccompanied saxophone solo by Coleman Hawkins, and generous quantities of the progressive music of Bud Powell and Charlie Parker. The album had, in addition, a folio of gorgeous jazz photographs, and the whole package, five thousand of which were printed, was priced at a cool twenty-five dollars. It was sold out in a year.

Granz was the first person to experiment widely with on-the-spot recordings, and with studio recordings that took advantage of the longer playing time per side of the LP. Record stores have been reordering them ever since. Two years ago he released a four twelve-inch LP set title "The Astaire Story," which showed off Fred Astaire's singing and the sound of his dancing before a small Granz-picked jazz unit. The set was widely panned by the critics, but has been just as widely accepted by the record-buying public, which tends to ignore critics, a fact that Granz is well aware of.

The products which Granz offers his public are accurate reflections of the bipartite Granz personality. Granz the businessman, who has, however, become increasingly dominant in recent years, is most aggressive when he is near the concert stage. Here he believes that a small-group, working within a loose musical framework, is the surest means of producing satisfying, free-wheeling jazz. He chooses musicians who he feels are the best or the near-best on their instruments regardless of school or style. This does not mean that Granz would be apt to hire an excellent, but largely unknown musician, for he is never unconscious of the drawing power of a name. (If Granz decides, though, that a certain musician, who is not well known, should become a member of a future JATP tour, he carefully builds his name during the preceding year by releasing several LPs featuring that musician's work. The most recent example of this star-building technique has been his promotion of

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Buddy de Franco, the clarinettist, and Louis Bellson, the drummer, both of whom will join JATP for the first time this year.)

THE result of these policies is a kind of nervous jazz that is somewhere between small-band swing and bebop. It is also a purely solo jazz, where collective improvisation or teamwork are left to other, more pedestrian jazzmen. This concentration on jazz as a solo art has brought off some weird musical achievements. One is a regularly featured trumpet battle—Roy Eldridge and his old pupil Dizzy Gillespie will be the participants this year—in which two trumpeters squeal at each other for chorus after chorus like a brace of stuck pigs. Another is a blinding, deafening drum battle, that invariably jellies the stoutest audience. If this be pandemonium, Granz makes the most of it. Most of the musical materials employed are banal, being restricted to the blues at a variety of tempos, and to such weary evergreens as "How High the Moon" and a handful of Gershwin tunes.

From close observation Granz feels that the average age level of his audiences has increased in the past nine years, and that it is now somewhere between twenty-one and twenty-eight, which is probably a rather casual statistic, judging by the oceans of heated teenage faces one can find at any Granz concert. One might at first describe these audiences as the spiritual offspring of the sprites who jitterbugged in the aisles and on the stage of the Paramount Theatre in New York in the late thirties when Benny Goodman first came to town. But at second glance, these present-day audiences are of a different, and more warlike tribe. They rarely move from their seats, yet they manage to give off through a series of screams—the word "go" repeated like the successive slams of the cars on a fast freight—blood-stopping whistles, and stamping feet a mass intensity that would have soothed Hitler, and frightened the pants off Benny Goodman.

Granz the jazz lover is predominantly visible through his studio recording sessions. In these he has been responsible for a polite amount of excellent jazz, as well as a great deal of musical mediocrity. Granz officiates at every recording date, and ominously announces this fact on every record label and record sleeve with, respectively, the words "Recorded Under the Personal Supervision of Norman Granz" and "Supervised by Norman Granz." He also composes all the liner notes for his albums, which have become noted for barrages of adjectives and their lack of information. Although Granz, as has been mentioned above, claims that he never dictates to his musicians, much of what emanates from his recording studios has come to have a distinct flavor. This flavor, as an observer recently pointed out, is reminiscent of good roast beef that has been left in the icebox too long. For, in spite of the fact that their personnels are often laundry lists of jazz royalty, many Granz records are, peculiarly, boring and cold. One reason for this may be that a good number of the musicians who appear on Granz recordings are also members of JATP, and, because of the nature of the music they must play seven months out of the year on the concert stage, their musical batteries, as it were, have gone dead. And if the requirements of a touring job with Granz often make his musicians artistically laconic, these requirements have also seriously stunted the musical growth of such talented men as Flip Phillips, Oscar Peterson, Charlie Shavers, and Buddy Rich.

When Granz inaugurated this year's JATP tour on September 17, in Hartford, he had on his payroll eleven of the best jazz musicians money can buy. He is paying them salaries that start at several hundred dollars a week, and range up to $6,000 a week for Ella Fitzgerald and $5,000 a week for Oscar Peterson. In addition to the European tour, which will take place in the spring, and the fall tour of the U.S. and Canada, JATP will take a brisk swing through Australia, as well as Japan and Honolulu. Granz has also promised that he will release a minimum of 120 LP albums in the next twelve months. To at least half a million potential customers around the world, Granz will be doing for jazz what another prestidigitator, P. T. Barnum, did for midgets.

Manhattan Polyphonies

O. HENRY once wrote: "We can understand the song of the poet, the ripple of the brook . . . the step lively of the conductor, and the prelude of the milk cans at 4 A.M. . . . But who can comprehend the meaning of the voice of the city? I went out for to see." So did Tony Schwartz. And the result of his peripatetics is an absorbing LP entitled "New York 19" (Folkways FP 58, $6.45).

Tony Schwartz is a young recording engineer who carried an inconspicuous Magnamite tape recorder with him as he walked through the heart of the island of Manhattan. The news vendors intoned their persuasive cries into the hidden microphone and auctioneers hawked their wares into the mechanical ear. The engineer even risked salvation to record the inspirational speech of the street evangelist.

Here is proof that the voice of the great wicked city can be heard in other places than the night clubs, the theatres, and the great television and radio centers. "New York 19" does have a little of Tin Pan Alley in it, but we can also hear the sad, sour notes of the sidewalk fiddler, and we can rejoice as we hear the welcome sound of the coin in the cup, followed by the nervous blare of a two-toned auto horn.

Hear that machine drill? It makes a fine staccato accompaniment to the querulous traffic sounds. And listen to the music in the voice of the driller, "We've had things thrown out the window at us . . . people curse us. . . . We have a stock answer for them—we lost a quarter here about three years ago and we're looking for it now."

WE CAN smile as the children sing, "I won't go to Macy's anymore more, more. There's a big fat policeman at the door, door, door. He'll pull you by the collar and make you pay a dollar. Well, I won't go to Macy's any more." Or we can listen with a breaking heart as a little old lady speaks with poignant simplicity of her deceased cat. "He had better table manners than the majority of children. I taught him how to eat slowly. When he was a little kitten I just let him take one piece of meat at a time, and I'd tell him to chew it well. . . ."

Of course, "New York 19" isn't the entire metropolis—not by a long shot. Not while Brooklyn's still in the League, and not while Queens, Richmond, Staten Island, and the Bronx are still sovereign states. Let us grant that Harlem, the Bowery, Wall Street, Yorktown, and a thousand other fabulous communities flourish all around Tony Schwartz's little world in the heart of Manhattan Island. Let us even say that there are some items in this album that are not germane to the area. And let us philosophize, in the language of the local "S'ooz poifec'?"

—OSCAR BRAND.

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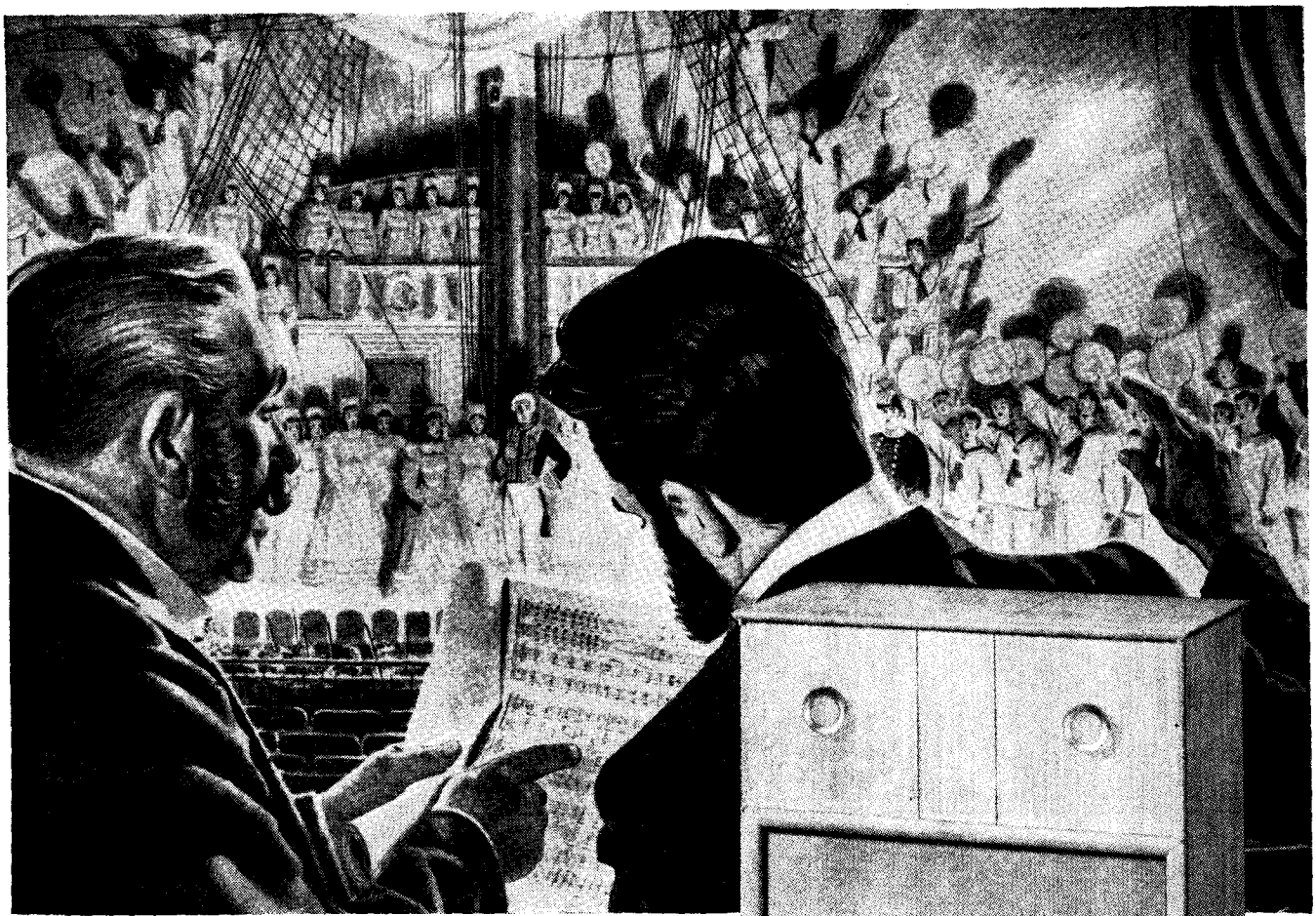

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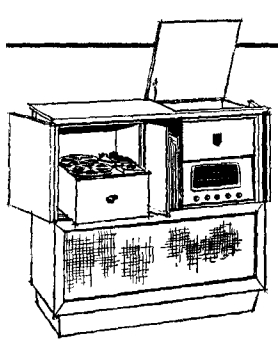

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A NEW CHAPTER FOR

The "Dream" Book

By IRVING KOLODIN

PROBABLY the most remarkable thing about the interaction of forces which produced the Shakespeare-Mendelssohn "A Midsummer Night's Dream," just launched on an American tour by the Old Vic Company with an engagement at the Metropolitan Opera in New York, is that it wasn't Mendelssohn's idea in the first place. Or was it? When he wrote the remarkably pictorial overture in 1826 at the age of seventeen—thereby entering his name in a category of youthful endeavor shared only by Mozart and Schubert—Mendelssohn reckoned that he had said all he intended to on the subject.

But he hadn't reckoned with the artistic ambitions of the then Crown Prince of Prussia—to whom, by peculiar coincidence, the "Midsummer Night's Dream" and several other overtures were dedicated—when he became Frederick Wilhelm IV, King of Prussia, fourteen years later in 1840. Barely two years after his accession the king staggered Mendelssohn with a plan for producing Racine's "Athalie," the "Tempest" (in addition to the "Dream"), and "Oedipus Colonnus,"—all with incidental music. Nothing consequential, as far as is known, emerged from the "Tempest" project, but the "Athalie" did yield an imposing ceremonial "War March of the Priests"—and the "Dream" music is, with the violin concerto, the Mendelssohnian essence, pure, clear, and undiluted.

How this will all fare on the stage cannot be truthfully foretold at this pre-performance time. But how it will sound in homes far and wide (where the Old Vic production will be, at best, a thousand miles away or shut off by the SRO sign) *can* be described, because RCA Victor has had the foresight to put the whole thing (substantially) on tape and transfer it to discs that will be on sale coincident with the Old Vic tour. In one form it will be a sequence of three LPs (RCA Victor LM-6115, $17.85) presenting the production virtually entire; in another form it will be a series of highlights with most of the Mendelssohn music (LM-1863, $5.95), and in a third it will be a sampling of excerpts on two 45-rpm (ERB-46, $2.98) speeds.

The combination of words and music on these discs is, literally, historic—a commodity RCA seems to be going in for rather heavily these days—for the simple fact that proper productions of "A Midsummer Night's Dream" are difficult, not to say expensive, to organize, and there hasn't been such a one in these parts in decades. Memory of the Reinhardt version with Moissi, Thimig, Losch, *et al;* is still bright to those who saw it—but it was, after all, in German. Then came the hectic Hollywood paraphrase with Mickey Rooney, Wallace Beery, James Cagney, Olivia de Haviland, etc. (in which the masterworks of Mendelssohn were touched up by Erich Korngold), which offended some more than it pleased, and *vice versa*. Of the delightful deviation called "Swingin' the Dream," in which Louis Armstrong as Bottom, Maxine Sullivan, Butterfly McQueen, Benny Goodman, Bud Freeman, and too many others were hopelessly mixed up, one can only regret that IT wasn't taken down *in toto*, confused as it was.

As it comes from the discs through the speaking voices of Robert Helpmann (Oberon), Moira Shearer (Titania), Stanley Holloway (Bottom), and many fine others of the Old Vic troupe, one is constantly beguiled by the Mendelssohnian magic in integrating sound with action and poetic text with poetic tone. The annals of art can have few parallels for the way in which the mature Mendelssohn, at thirty-one—he had barely half-a-dozen years of life before his meteor burned itself out—picked up the creation of the youth of seventeen.

Robert Helpman—"poetic text and tone."

One ally of rather ponderable power he had, of course—that masterful overture to which reference has been made, and which doubtless stimulated Frederick Wilhelm IV's thinking about the project that finally came to birth on October 18, 1843, in the Neue Palais at Potsdam. It was, on the one hand, a stockpile of ideas on which Mendelssohn could draw, for, writing it in the aftermath of reading Schlegel's then new translation of Shakespeare, he had summed up the fairy atmosphere, the donkey brays of Bottom, and the festival spirit of it all in a series of themes dazzling in variety and rightness. To take this material, expand it, add to it, and make a consecutive whole was a matter to which Mendelssohn turned his versatile mind so successfully that the average listener would have no idea which came first, which years later.

AS A matter of fact, the most popular music in the Mendelssohn score—the not-a-day-goes-by-that-it-isn't-played "Wedding March"—is in the latter category, likewise the dreamy "Nocturne" with its wonderful horn solo, and the skipping scherzo with its fairy intonations. All of these are fairly familiar in the concert hall, and more so on records. Arturo Toscanini put us all in his debt a handful of years ago when he added to them some of the material with vocal interpolations for an NBC broadcast (preserved as Victor LM-1221), but there is, as Sargent shows in his less mercurial but far from phlegmatic performance, much more to the whole than has ever met the ear before.

Sargent's musical text makes occasional deviations from the Novello edition (which reproduces in exact detail just where Mendelssohn meant the interpolations to begin and end), but the additions are wholesomely in the spirit of the original, the omissions in no wise consequential, and merely of the predictable kind for a complicated process of putting together a theatrical production years after the original plan was devised.

Taken together, the result is one of the striking collaborations of master spirits spread over centuries of time, miles of space, and oceans of scientific means. Shakespeare would have been astonished by the orchestral values Mendelssohn could apply to amplify the music in his words; both would have been aghast, I imagine, at the notion that a performance in a London studio on a given week-end in August 1954 could perpetuate forever the "fleeting" word and the "evanescent" tone. If we, the inheritors of it all, are too limited in mind to profit from it all, peacefully, the fault, dear Brutus, is not in such stars as Shakespeare and Mendelssohn. . . .

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Those Vintage Tapes

By ROBERT OAKES JORDAN

MUCH of the success of your tape recorder depends upon the brand of raw magnetic tape you use. Like wine, tape of consistent quality is difficult to make. There is little difficulty in finding adequate tapes, but finding a good one every time is another thing.

Tape has an interesting background, growing out of man's fascination with magnetism. Its earlier forms were not the familiar ribbon, but flat steel, like the conventional roll-measuring tape. The art of magnetic-recording mediums had its start about 1900, when Valdemar Poulsen invented his Telegraphone and soon afterwards collapsed in financial ruin. He used thin wire, a single layer wound around a spool, along and around which rode the magnetic recording and pickup head. His problems were similar to those the consumer and industry find in magnetic tapes today. He could not get the steel companies—who thought fence wire was the ultimate—to produce good fine steel wire. Samuel Wein coupled Poulsen's device to the first vacuum tube in 1915 and got passable results with a microphone from a telephone. This effort failed through the poor wire quality. Had it not, we might today be able to hear the great of the "golden years" of opera much better than from old discs. After this failure in America the device, its recording wire, and the same problems were taken to Europe. As early as 1924 there were magnetic dictation machines widely sold in Germany, and in the 1930s the first German tape-recorders appeared using flat steel tape. Steel tape was not the perfect answer, but the metal-wise Germans had licked the quality problem. They produced fair steel tape every time.

The attack on Poland gave the newly-perfected tape and recorder its first job. The voice of Adolf Hitler could be heard giving life-like speeches at any hour of the day and night, with no record-scratch to betray the lie that Hitler never slept. When the economy went sour during Germany's years of decline, research on the tape-recorder and raw magnetic tape took precedence over the V2 rocket. When the war was nearly over the capture of Radio Luxembourg gave the Allies their first look at the tape-recorder and the various types of steel, paper, acetate plastic, and cloth-recording tape. The Magnetophone became a war prize.

For a while the paper tape was tried in America, but its lack of strength and durability made it more expensive than the best acetate. In 1946, before the public had heard of the short-lived wire recorder, the first plastic tapes were being merchandised. Acetate plastic tape outpaced other types quickly, though its drawbacks were significant. At first they easily tore or snapped in the rewind; the oxide coating was poorly applied and wore off producing playback noises worse than the first disc records. Undaunted, the public patched its poor quality tapes together, read more ads, bought more tapes, and paid for more research. Now they began to get tapes that did not wear out so quickly, clog the magnetic heads, or squeal in the playback.

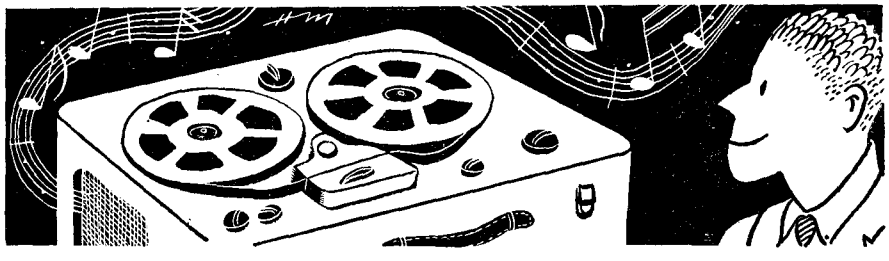
The major companies will admit privately (the pre-recorded tape people will tell you openly) that: the quality of magnetic tape is not consistent even today in its advanced state of development. Virtually all tape produced today, however, is of usable quality and much of it is good most of the time. Some tape batches are the "vintage" years of the reeled tape, but I don't suppose it will ever get to the point where the esoteric tapologist says: "Make mine red-oxide tape, Batch 9367."

Many factors enter into making a good batch of tape; factors not easily controlled. If you are producing a roll of plastic "stickum" tape your job is hard, but not nearly so tough as producing a reel of plastic recording tape to be coated with red dust in an emulsion. The materials and processes used in producing the very thin film must be combined each time in the same manner. Since the many factors of matching, mixing, heating, rolling, and cutting are variable, any small change will result in a different quality of tape. It may be stronger, weaker, coatings denser or thinner, all of which affect its success as recording tape. Some tape bases are polished and repolished before the magnetic emulsion is applied; the cheaper tape bases are not.

CONSTANT work and research have now produced a better tape, but no one company can lay claim to the major development. Millions of reels of tape have been sold. Those from the early production runs were mainly sold to Government agencies. This tape is now being sold on the surplus market as used tape, an unwise investment costly for the tapologist. There can be no substitute for new tape: its results will sound the difference.

In the past year Dupont's Mylar tape film has been produced for magnetic tape. Its superior qualities of tear and heat resistance (and extreme thinness) are desirable. Additional playing time can be obtained from a standard reel of tape. Since acetate tape can be easily spliced there are some who prefer it to the stretchable Mylar. All who have used this new tape see in it the possibilities of the perfect tape. I have found in laboratory tests on almost all brands of tape that the major tape producers all slip occasionally. Quality tests on the following companies' products showed: Audio Tape, the most consistently good; 3M, Reeves, and Irish close to the leader. All four are fine products. A new tape called Encor has recently appeared. I sent six reels through the laboratory (three sent to me and three purchased by my company). There could be no accurate conclusion, as all were from the same batch number, but all were good tape.

You can look forward to new tape products in the future which will include: one-use inexpensive tape for tape-records which cannot be erased; tape which will keep the recording and playback heads clean; double-sided tape which doubles the playing time of any reel, each side shielded magnetically from the other and from the uneraseable tape; tape which can be written on the side opposite the emulsion-side for accurate cueing. All of these will be designed to make tape-recording increasingly popular and worthwhile.



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Yesterday's "Standards," Today's Esoterica . . . .

By PAUL HENRY LANG

THE growing output of "old music" by our record manufacturers is a pleasure to watch. Ever since music became a business, a tendency has made itself felt to reduce the repertory to "standards," *i.e.* to such "selections" as are readily accepted by the public and sold by the music publishers. This tendency not only operates to the disadvantage of contemporary art, it also blankets what is so simply called "old" music. The public's understanding for and knowledge of music, while definitely increasing, is still woefully behind its appreciation of the sister arts, and such recordings as will presently be discussed greatly help the cause of musical literacy. The only hitch in this laudable endeavor is the not infrequent absence of professional competence. I am thinking not so much of faulty performances—they are frequent enough in the standard repertory—as of the lack of judgment concerning what is living art and what is historical documentation. However, let us rather have a few dull pieces if we can have the good ones with them.

Among the household instruments of the sixteenth-eighteenth centuries the recorder enjoyed great popularity; in fact, many of the "flute" parts in Bach's and Handel's works were actually intended for the recorder. A bouquet of "Recorder Music of Six Centuries" (Classic CE-1018) offers composers ranging from the *minnesinger* to the great Elizabethans and beyond. This is nice, clean, and soothing music, neatly and pleasantly played, though at a rather too discreet volume. There is no denying that after a while the tootling becomes a bit tiresome; still, some of the pieces are well worth knowing. Handel's "Four Sonatas for Recorder and Continuo" (Vox PL-7910) offer more homogeneous fare. These are early works—"opus 1," whatever that meant in those days—but they are written with a sure hand, and sonata No. IV, probably of later vintage, is a truly Handelian piece. The sonatas are impeccably played by Alfred Mann, who also wrote the exemplary notes. The more robust Handel is before us in a release of "Four Trio Sonatas" (Haydn Society HSL-85) played by the accomplished *Collegium Musicum* of Copenhagen. Although called "op. 5," these sonatas date from 1738; that is, from Handel's mature period, and he wrote them when he was recuperating from one of his habitual operatic bankruptcies. They are delightful pieces, ably played and well recorded. The tune detectives will have a grand outing with them, because in true Handelian fashion "borrowings" pop up everywhere—from oratorios, organ concertos, harpsichord suites. But it does not matter, for the music is fresh and thoroughly enjoyable, and after all, Handel plundered his own coffers. The notes, again by a literate musician, Mr. Sørensen, the harpsichordist, are good and informative.

NOW we come to Rameau, that enigmatic French contemporary of Handel who, unlike his German colleague, matured slowly and did not hit his stride until he was well past forty—but then he made the world sit up and take notice. While these six concertos (Haydn Society HSL-99) are transcriptions of other Rameau pieces, either by the composer himself or by one of his disciples, in the accepted manner of Baroque musical practice they are legitimate "amplifications" of music that lends itself to such treatment. The music is vital, full of sentiment, of wit, of melancholy, and, at times, of challenge. Here is one of the most original musical minds of the Baroque, and it is a pleasure to greet this set. The playing is adequate, but not distinguished. It lacks in rhythmic incisiveness, and Maurice Hewitt and his orchestra occasionally succumb to the languors of the *style galant.*

Turning to even older "old music," we enter into one of the most delectable regions of music, and "delectable" is used advisedly. ("Parisian Songs of the Sixteenth Century," Oiseau-Lyre 50027.) The French Renaissance chanson, French counterpart of the Italian madrigal, represents vocal chamber music at its best. This is music utterly polished: full of *esprit,* of Gallic verve, whimsical, at times pensive, always elegant, virtuoso, and altogether captivating. Only when we hear such music do we realize the fantastic misconceptions that still obtain in our midst about the "coming of age" of music. This is art every inch as great as the paintings of the contemporaries of these musicians. And to think that these are merely a handful of the more than *four thousand* chansons composed in and around Paris! Both singing and recording are good, although the volume is a trifle low. Oiseau-Lyre follows up the chansons with a collection of harpsichord pieces by the great masters of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries—d'Anglebert, Chambonnières, the Couperins, Rameau, and others (Oiseau-Lyre 50028), intelligently played by Isabelle Nef. There is no gainsaying, though, that while the older chansons "wear" well, one's mind occasionally wanders when listening to these charming harpsichord pieces. Maybe it is the somewhat sober playing, but I suspect it is the ceaseless ornaments that distract us; and this musicologist does not hesitate to stick his neck out by saying that a more restrained application of the *agréments,* while historically a bit incorrect, would result in a more easily grasped melodic line.

The third Oiseau-Lyre release, two symphonies by Johann Christian Bach and a harpsichord concerto by Haydn (Oiseau-Lyre 50007), finds this reviewer, presently encamped in the mountains, in the position of being unable to check documents. The notes on the sleeve tell the usual pat story about the youngest Bach's being "an important precursor of Haydn and

(*Continued on page* 61)

Musicians of the ballet; a dance held at the Louvre in February 1625.

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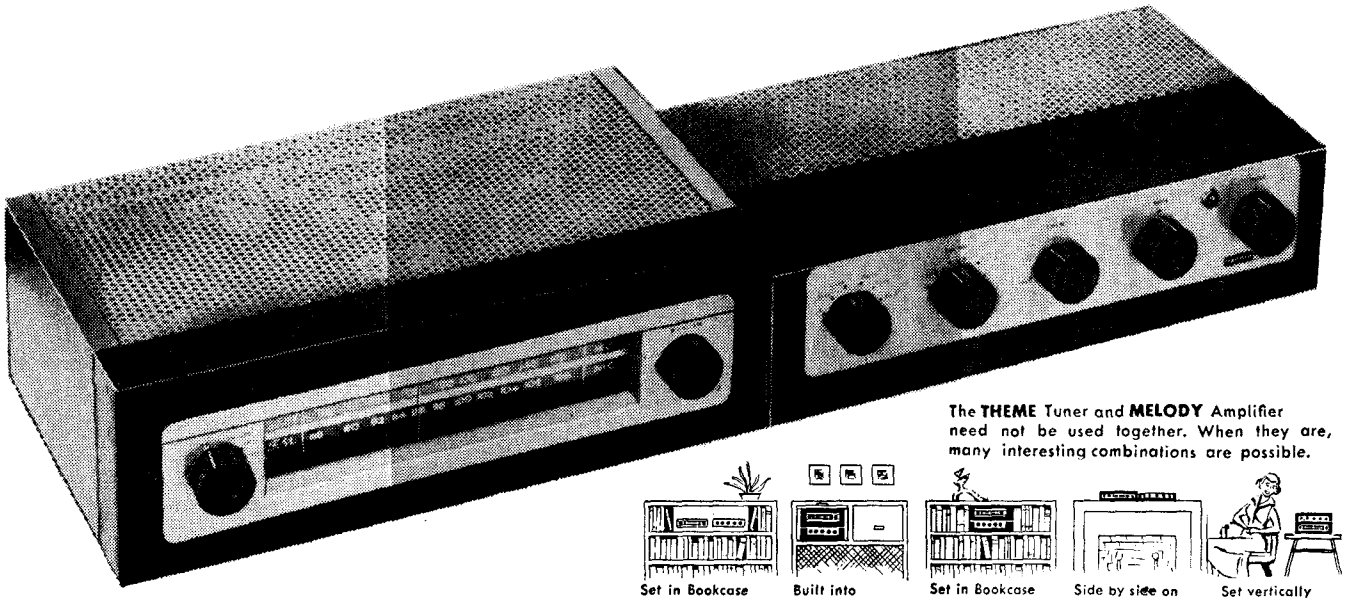

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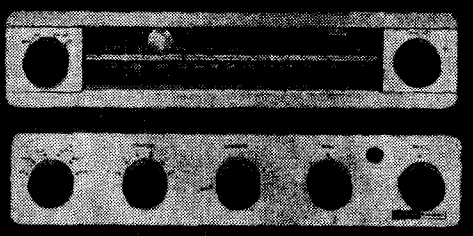

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"It's that American number about a Sandman."

"Sheshebon" in Nippon

By FAUBION BOWERS

THE Orient has always been "mysterious," I suppose, but perhaps nothing about it has ever been quite so puzzling as Japan's fantastic interest in and market for records. If Japanese attention was all directed towards the local variety of native music, the matter would perhaps be more understandable. But it is the formidable position that Western music commands here which surprises the foreigner so much. Out of the 16,000,000 records produced annually by the five major recording companies of Japan (Columbia, RCA Victor, King, Teichiku, and Polydor—listed in order of their local size) 6,000,000 of them are of Western music, both classical and popular. And if you take only the big modern cities like Tokyo, Osaka, and Kobe, half of all records sold are of Western music, including a large number of actual imports and repressings from imported matrixes and stampers.

Curiously enough, this phenomenon is not a postwar symptom, as might be thought by the unindoctrinated. Nor does it suggest an Occupation-dominated, pro-Western mind which stems from being a culturally dependent as well as militarily defeated country. Japan felt warmly towards Western music long before the war. There was, for instance, a large Mahler Society here in Tokyo, and its members commissioned special recordings from Germany. For a number of years certain of the symphonies were only available from Tokyo and quite unprocurable anywhere else. I first came across Japan's interest in Western music in 1932, when I was still a youth in Oklahoma. At that time I wanted desperately to hear a Scriabin piano sonata. Scriabin was not only rarely played; there were no piano records of his music on the market at all. After a considerable amount of negotiation (characterized by extreme disbelief) between the local record store, the small bank who handled the mysteries of turning dollars into *yen,* and some faroff firm in Tokyo, three records of two Scriabin sonatas arrived, beautifully wrapped in a sweet-smelling wooden box made especially for them, covered with exotic brush-written characters and pretty little chrysanthemum stamps. I never figured out who was more astonished by the transaction—the Japanese (receiving an order from Oklahoma) or us (finding a modern, obscure composer on sale in Japan). I later came out to Japan, and I have subsequently spent considerable time thinking about Japan's interest in Western music and asking many, many Japanese living here the reasons for it. I have never had a satisfactory explanation, and strangely enough, the amazement I felt when those sonatas first arrived still lingers, and is not very different from what I feel now, sitting here, looking out the window of my small rented house in one of the average residential districts of Tokyo, listening to the daughter of the house across the street practising an early Mozart piece, and someone else repeatedly going over a Liszt rhapsody in still another house further down the road.

IN A city like Tokyo it is possible musically speaking at least, to forget that you have ever left America. You hear on the radio more Western-style music than Japanese. As you walk in and around Ginza, the willow-avenued shopping center of Tokyo, placarded kiosks announce a stream of recitals and concerts. Recently, in fairly steady succession, Tokyo has heard Cortot, Solomon, Gieseking, Traubel, Menuhin, Tagliavini, Kempff, Backhaus, and Heifetz. At any hour of the daytime, their records, ranging anywhere from Bach to Ravel, issue from the loudspeakers concealed at the kiosk-top under the little tin roofs which keep the paper advertisements from fading or the posters from coming unstuck. Here, too, in this area of the town, no less than four *Café Mozarts* offer programs of recorded music along with their soft drinks, beer, and light sandwiches. And many little cafés like these are patronized as much for their assortment of phonograph records as for their bill of fare. In the field of lighter music I have also been to two teashops and one pinball-machine parlor all called "C'est si bon" (pronounced very fast and coming out *sheshebon*) which feature this theme song. A barber shop, a friend of mine knows of is called "My Old Kentucky Home Bar Ber," and this song, in Marian Anderson's "arty," *bel canto* rendition with orchestral accompaniment, is the most frequently requested record in one of the best foreign-style restaurants in downtown Tokyo. Record catalogues in Japan have always been like telephone directories, partly because of the active demand here for a variety of records, and partly because Japan took over from Europe and America all the matrices that were not required in the West and, curiously enough, kept them in stock. In this way Japan became something of a record museum, and many rare items unavailable elsewhere were here on the open market. An example of this is Claire Croïza's recording of Roussel's "Jazz de la Nuit," recorded with Roussel at the piano in 1924. Last month it was finally dropped from the catalogue after almost thirty years

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of being listed. Many stampers and matrices were lost during the War, particularly, when Nippon Columbia's warehouses were bombed out. But despite this damage what still remains is sufficient to warrant calling Japan a sort of record storehouse of Western music.

JAPANESE taste for Western music, no matter how baffling it may be to us, is a practical, money-making business. Chic, air-conditioned record shops sprinkled along the streets with latest recordings from Europe and America indicate this. Japan also processes almost half a million LPs, EPs, and 45s a year despite the fact that the vinylite needed for such discs is so expensive that the price virtually doubles. And the sincerity with which Western music is greeted is incontrovertible. A new word has been coined, *ongaku chokin*—referring to money saved for music—which well attests this fact. For example, university students, who are notoriously poor in Japan, are perhaps the most passionate admirers of Western-style music. They set aside a little of their allowance each month until they accumulate the amount needed to afford the latest, say, Ansermet recording of "Daphnis and Chloe" (recently issued by London LP [LL-693] and now hitting the local record market with something of a splash). Or, to cite another instance, since the record business and actual concert appearances are related intimately, these students will talk about their "Heifetz savings," or their "Gieseking savings," meaning the tiny little amounts that they immediately start putting away the moment the first announcement that the artist may come to Japan appears in the newspapers. In the case of Heifetz, the demand was so great to hear him, and the protest from the students so excessive at the near-prohibitive prices charged for tickets, that he gave a special student recital with a dollar price ceiling. Japan also imports conductors—the latest was Karajan from Vienna—to come and spend a season directing the local Nippon Philharmonic Orchestra. The result is always very happy—the orchestra improves, the conductor finds Japan Europe's most farflung outpost of musical appreciation, and, of course, the record sales skyrocket.

Japan's taste in classical Western music, on the whole, differs surprisingly little from what is commonly considered to be "average American." A friend of mine not long ago went, out of curiosity, to every record shop in Tokyo and checked on what composers according to numbers of records sold were the most popular. The list

(*Continued on page 71*)

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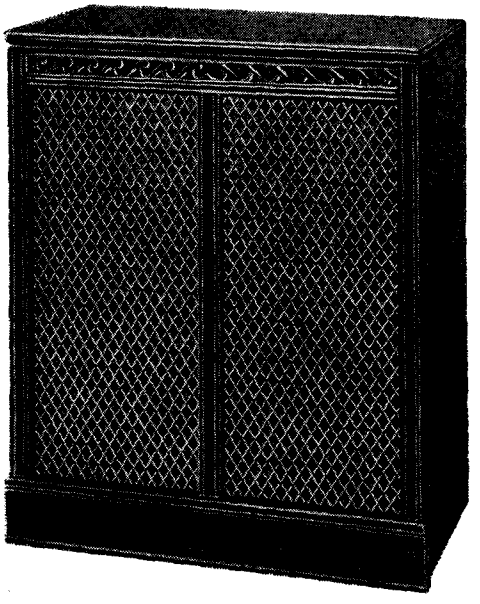

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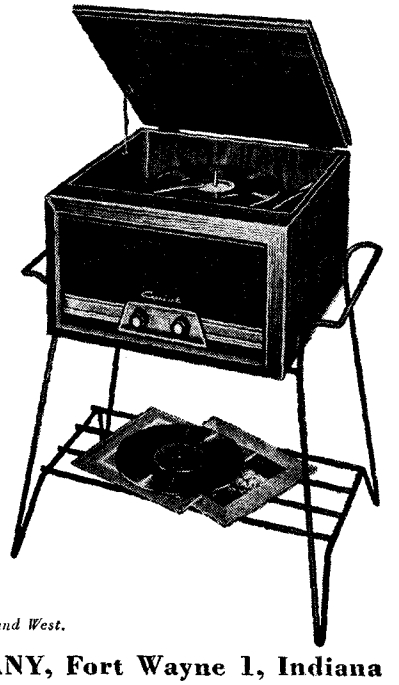

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Recordings in Review

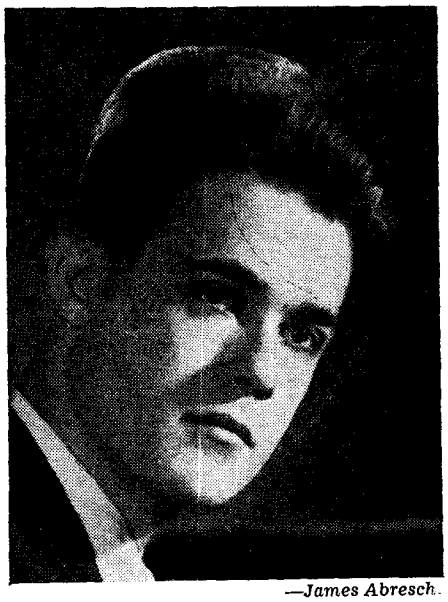
Reiner on Strauss

STRAUSS: *"Also Sprach Zarathustra" and "Dance of the Seven Veils" ("Salome"). Fritz Reiner conducting the Chicago Symphony Orchestra.* (RCA Victor LM-1806, $5.95.) *"Ein Heldenleben."* The same. (RCA Victor LM-1807, $5.95.)

THE phonographic career of Fritz Reiner, which contains some highlights of his own creation and some shadows over which he had less control (due to the insufficiencies of the engineering skill applied to his work in Pittsburgh) took a decisive forward step last March, and the evidence is now public property. A Straussian from his earliest days as a conductor, Reiner was just the man to give RCA Victor a chance to demonstrate that it, too, can play the hi-fi game with a few tricks of its own to trump competition.

The appealing aspect of these superb performances—if one can describe the torrent of sound in "Zarathustra" with the feeble word "appealing—is that the end-product is always satisfyingly musical. Clatter for clatter's sake is gratefully absent, and the aural perspective is tightly in focus throughout. I speak of "Zarathustra" in particular because it is less often heard than "Heldenleben" or the "Salome" excerpt, and very rarely so effectively dramatized as by Reiner here. Krauss's version had its many substantial virtues, but Reiner lets tonal light into some corners customarily dark. The "Seven Veils" "come off," so to speak, with reckless realism, and much more vividness than is legal when the choreography is visible rather than merely audible.

As was to be expected when Reiner took charge of this orchestra, it has developed a style of performance very much his own. Details are meticulously cared for, every strand of sound assigned its own place in the aural texture. The Reiner "Heldenleben" has always seemed to me a little wilfully non-sentimental, which is, to my taste, a limited way of treating this score. But we are not likely soon to hear another such "Zarathustra."



—James Abresch

Charles Rosen—"Sense of pleasure."

First Time for Rosen

BRAHMS: *Variations on a Theme by Paganini. Charles Rosen, piano.* (London LD-9104, $2.95.)

CHARLES ROSEN is a young American pianist whose debut in Town Hall last winter was one of the brighter interludes in the sometimes foggy atmosphere of that famous proving ground. Why that was so is seen in this record, his first, which shows him as favorably as the introductory London disc of Julius Katchen did several years ago. We add the hope that succeeding ones will maintain the standard, which has not always been true in Katchen's case.

The good qualities of Rosen—his decisive musicianship, his fine lyric feeling, his fully formed technique—are apparent, even if he is working at a task that has given many of his pianistic elders a hard time. This is not in the category of that elusive thing the "definitive performance," which would require the experience of a Backhaus, perhaps, but it shows Rosen to have, in microcosm, the attributes that make for artistry. Perhaps the most valuable of them is a knack of not sounding like "just another pianist." Especially in Numbers 11 of Book I and 4 of Book II (the "singing" variations) Rosen evokes a sense of pleasure in the musical design.

Tonally, the recording is up to London's high average, but either an off-center pressing or a warp gives a curious waver to the sound of side II. So far as can be judged, Rosen's tone, *per se,* is a worthy voice for what he has to say.

Concerto for Microphone

BARTOK: *Concerto for Orchestra. Antal Dorati conducting the Minneapolis Symphony Orchestra.* (Mercury MG-50033, $4.85.)

NOBODY has yet bothered to sloganize progress in the science of sound by stating that "Records Are Better than Ever," perhaps because the fact is so patent as to be inescapable. Mercury's distinguished series of efforts in the midlands (Detroit and Chicago as well as Minneapolis) have culminated here with a record that must be close to the head of the list when the year's best are tabulated.

Part of this has to do with Bartok's scoring which has, almost ideally, the elements that lend themselves to tonal glamor: wide contrasts of register, swift interchanges of instrumental solos, brassbright climaxes, and passages in which the string sound falls off to virtually nothing. Binding all together, of course, is the composer's powerful artistic impulse, functioning at its fullest. It is only now that we have heard this work expounded on records by such conductors as Reiner, Karajan, Van Beinum, and Dorati that one realizes how explicitly Bartok chose his title when he called it "Concerto *for* Orchestra."

As to Dorati's contribution to that understanding: it derives from sheer physical drive combined with the finely calculating ear which has made the Minneapolis a much cleaner-sounding orchestra than it was with Mitropoulos. There are some passages which threaten to, but do not become, tonally frantic, and others in which the pace is almost headlong, but Dorati is not without a softer side, to Bartok's benefit.

Singers and Songs

BACH: *"Vergiss mein nicht," etc. Kirsten Flagstad, soprano, with Gerald Moore, piano.* (London HMV-1070, $5.95.)

BRAHMS: *"Songs in Folk Style." Anny Felbermayer, soprano, with Viktor Graef, piano.* (Vanguard VRS-446, $5.95.)

RACHMANINOFF: *"Lilacs," etc. Maria Kurenko, soprano, with Vsevolod Pastukhoff, piano.* (Capitol P-8265, $5.70.)

SCHUBERT: *"Die Schöne Müllerin." Petre Munteanu, tenor, with Franz Holetschek, piano.* (Westminster WL-5291, $5.95.)

WOLF: *"Prometheus," "Michelangelo Lieder," etc. Hans Hotter, basso, with Gerald Moore, piano.* (Angel 35057, $5.95.)

IN A collection of vocal recordings including the names of such eminent artists as Flagstad, Kurenko, and

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Hotter, one would hardly expect that the best of them would be attributed to the young, little known Anny Felbermayer. However, this is an almost perfect combination of material and performer, offering the delightfully fresh Felbermayer voice in such Brahmsian favorites as "Wiegenlied" (the celebrated "Cradle Song"), "Schwesterlein," "Vergebliches Ständchen," and "Sandmännchen," with a second side devoted to the Dvorak "Gipsy Songs" (of which "Songs My Mother Taught Me" is typical). Vanguard has done handsomely by Miss Felbermayer in its reproduction, and Graef is an able pianist.

Of the lieder singers, Hotter and Munteanu are men of almost opposite characteristics—each lacking something that the other possesses in abundance. In the case of the tenor, it is the sense of style, the almost passionate devotion to the traditions of his art which make Hotter such a respected musical figure. In the case of the basso, it is the lack of a really usable voice. Generally speaking, it sounds better on this disc than it customarily has at the Metropolitan, but it still makes a gravelly impression on my ear. The tonal luster, for example, which made Schorr's "Prometheus" such a great record is not heard in Hotter's version, while the high range of several others is obviously troublesome for him.

Munteanu's presentation of "Die Schöne Müllerin" is intelligent and painstaking, but I am not taken by his approach to this most poetic music. It is prosaic and unatmospheric, inclining to more in the way of calculated effects than is desirable. That is to say, the "calculation" is too plainly audible for enjoyable listening. I mention "Ungeduld," in which the four verses are sung with exactly the same "urgent" emphasis each time on "Dein ist mein Herz." . . . . a procedure hardly stimulating. Holetschek's work is well done, and the recording is beautifully adjusted to the problem in hand.

Despite its appearance now for the first time, the Flagstad collection of material from Arne Dørumsgaard's "Canzone Scordate" dates to June 1950, meaning that it predates her return to the Metropolitan in 1951. Vocally, it is superb in the rich middle register, a little less steady up above. Interpretatively, it strikes me as somewhat cool and detached, with appreciably more concentration on forming the vocal sound as purely as possible rather than giving the word values their full due. However, there is much to hear in her treatment of "Komm, süsser Tod," and the three songs of Wolfgang Franck ("Wie seh' ich dich, mein Jesu, bluten," "Sei nur still," and "Auf, auf! zu Gottes Lob,") are a welcome addition to the literature. Four songs by C.P.E. Bach are also included. The ever-reliable Gerald Moore (who makes his American debut in a lecture recital in Town Hall on October 3) performs as musically in this literature as he does in support of Hotter on the Angel disc.

No one who recalls Maria Kurenko's singing of matter by Gretchaninoff, Rimsky-Korsakov, or Tchaikovsky in 78-rpm days needs any assurance of her ability to sing the fine Rachmaninoff songs ("In the Silence of the Night," "Summer Nights," "O Cease Thy Singing, Maiden Fair," and the favorite "Vocalise" are included) with authority and understanding. However, it would be an evasion of fact to describe the vocal quality as other than pinched, with very little of the bright glint it had in other days. That she can sing "O Cease Thy Singing, Maiden Fair" as well as she does is a tribute to her artistic conscience. Side two is devoted to Moussorgsky's "The Nursery," which being in large part characterization is less affected by her limitations in legato. It is, in fact, very well done. The original Russian is used throughout. Clean reproduced sound, well balanced with the piano. —IRVING KOLODIN.

Farnham Plays Again

LYNWOOD FARNHAM was one of the greatest of twentieth century organists, and though he died twenty-four years ago this November, mention of his name still produces a ready recognition of legendary fame. One of the few real masters of the organ, he combined a flawless technical ability with a warmth of interpretation that opened new doors of listening enjoyment for all who heard him. The year of his death, 1930, was some time before the development of commercial high-fidelity recording, and under normal circumstances one could hardly expect to hear a Farnham record today.

These, however, are not normal circumstances, and the impossible has become a *fait accompli*. Some months before his death, Farnham made a recording on an ingenious paper roll device, not unlike the one-time familiar player-piano rolls. This "recorder" was the brainchild of John T. Austin, founder and president of the Austin Organ Company. Player mechanisms were not a new thing, but Austin wanted to perfect a machine that would reproduce an organ performance with complete fidelity. Skipping most of the technical aspects, one of the major problems Austin conquered was expansion and contraction of the paper of the roll.

To make these recordings, the old player mechanism was rebuilt at the Austin factory in Hartford, then taken to the organ of St. John's Church in West Hartford, a three manual instrument of about forty ranks. Because this organ differs markedly from the smaller residence organ on which the original rolls were cut, it was considered advisable to do registration changes and swell shading "live," rather than to rely on the control track incorporated with the recording. The Hartford organist, Clarence Watters, as a labor of love, added registrations that he considered typical of the Farnham style.

The style is something to hear, and those among us who remember the great man—the writer is unfortunately not one of them—listen for a moment and say, "Why, that's Farnham!" It is an eerie sensation to listen to a record of an organ that was not even built at the time the original rolls were made.

Farnham recorded six selections, from the eighteenth to the twentieth centuries. His Bach—variations on the chorale, "O Gott, Du frommer Gott."—sounds warm by today's standards that lean so much toward bluntless of tone in the baroque organ. Perhaps it is the instrument, perhaps it is Mr. Watters' choice of registrations, but it would be carping to complain. Also from the eighteenth century are two Handel works—the F Major Concerto, Opus 4, No. 5, and the "Menuet" from the B-Flat Concerto, Opus 7, No. 3. Karg-Elert, Sowerby, and Vierne represent the twentieth century. Karg-Elert's "The Mirrored Moon," published in 1921, is the most unabashedly romantic of the three. Leo Sowerby, one of the leading lights of Chicago's musical life, is heard through his "Carillon in A-Flat," and the "Carillon de Westminster" of Louis Vierne complete the program.

An organ genius who is still very much alive is the bearded Dane, Finn Viderø. This latest Haydn Society issue is a joy for Bach lovers, recorded on two classic-style organs in Denmark. As usual the recording is superb, both from technical and artistic aspects. Viderø is always at his best. The

(*Continued on page* 67)

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Recordings Reports I: Classical LP's

WORK, PERFORMER, DATA	REPORT
Bach, J. C.: Symphonies in D and E. Lamoureux Orchestra conducted by Pierre Colombo. Oiseau-Lyre 50007. $5.95.	Neither of these is as fine a work as the one in B flat which Mengelberg favored in other days, but both have their quota of endearing qualities. Colombo conducts his able little orchestra well, and the reproduction is very good. Side two offers the D major concerto of Haydn with Isabelle Nef as a deft but not particularly enlivening harpsichordist. Better sound than the Landowska, but not as satisfying artistry.
Beethoven: "Egmont" music complete. Hermann Scherchen conducting the orchestra of the Vienna State Opera with Magda Laszlò, soprano, and Fred Liewehr, narrator. Westminster WL-5281, $5.95.	The prospect presented here is more stimulating than the realization of it, though Scherchen conducts a sturdy performance of the overture, and Laszlò is a suitably intense interpreter of the music for soprano. However, the sequence does not add up to much that is consecutive musically, and the spoken excerpts are, of themselves, not very meaningful. Very good sound.
Beethoven: Symphony No. 3 ("Eroica"). Leonard Bernstein conducting the Stadium Orchestra. Decca DL-9697. $5.85.	Credit Bernstein with a generally sound conception of this work, which has, however, been more persuasively delivered in the concert hall than it is here. The pace is slowed too often by irrelevant pauses for emphasis, and the tendency is to dwell on details at cost to the total. The Carnegie Hall recording is rather out-of-aural-perspective to my ear, due to remote microphoning.
Debussy: Three Nocturnes. Orchestra of the Concerts du Conservatoire, conducted by Jean Fournet. Epic LC-3048, $5.95.	It is good to see that the practice of recording these works in the totality devised by the composer is becoming standard, even if Fournet does not add appreciably to our knowledge of their contents. As in the overside "Rapsodie Espagnole" of Ravel, it is the brilliance of the sound rather than its poetic meaning that distinguishes this Epic effort. A bit of novelty is contributed by the inclusion of Ravel's "Menuet Antique," an early piano piece which he orchestrated in 1901.
Dittersdorf: Symphonies in E flat and F minor. Winterthur Orchestra, conducted by Clemens Dahinden. Concert Hall 1227, $5.95.	A pair of engaging oddities, of which the second (depicting the rescue of Andromeda by Perseus) is outstanding for expressive musical material and artful elaboration. The resemblance to Gluck is striking; the lengthy oboe solo (beautifully played by Egon Parolari) very distinctive. This side, it should be noted, is played by the orchestra of Radio Zurich. The reproductive standard is high.
Haydn: Symphony No. 60 in C. Vittorio Gui conducting the Glyndebourne Festival Orchestra. RCA Victor LHMV-1064, $5.95.	Authoritative, beautifully-phrased Haydn from an unexpected quarter, with Gui drawing bright C major sound from what is, substantially, the Royal Philharmonic Orchestra. The work, not recorded previously, is subtitled "Il Distratto," from a play for which Haydn wrote the incidental music, reworked here as a symphony. Gui's treatment of the "Prague" symphony of Mozart on side two is less successful. Mellow, clear sound.
Mozart: Concertos in G (K.216) and D (K.218). Arthur Grumiaux, violin, with Bernhard Paumgartner conducting the Vienna Symphony Orchestra. Epic LC-3060, $5.95.	This is decidedly Grumiaux's "piece," as had been observed in his performances here with the Boston Symphony season before last. The sound perspective is a bit oversized for the scoring, but it comes off very well in the vigorous direction of Paumgartner. In the same pairing on Decca DL-9609, Szymon Goldberg makes a more personal thing of the slow movement in the D major concerto.
Pergolesi: Concertos Nos. 1 (G major), 3 (A major), 4 (F minor), and 5 (E flat). Angelo Ephrikian conducting the Winterthur Orchestra. Westminster WL-5295, $5.95.	Ephrikian's well-known capacities as a conductor of Vivaldi commend themselves here in broadly-paced, warmly-phrased performances of works which have been denied their rightful place in the repertory. The present reissue of works previously circulated on two ten-inch discs offers wonderfully rich, robust string sound.
Roussel: "Spider's Feast," etc. Lamoureux Orchestra, conducted by Jean Martinon. Epic LC-3058, $5.95.	This disc would have been more welcome prior to the appearance of Mercury MG-50035, on which Paul Paray conducted this work with the Detroit Symphony—also Dukas's "Sorcerer's Apprentice," the other lengthy work of the Martinon miscellany. Neither of these nor the performance of Debussy's "L'Après-midi" challenges the level of other choice performances. Of incidental interest are Honegger's "Pastorale d'Eté" and the Fauré "Pavane." All are superbly reproduced.
Santorsola: Concertino. Luise Walker, guitar, with Paul Sacher conducting the Vienna Symphony Orchestra. Epic LC-3055, $5.95.	This composer, of Italian descent and Brazilian nativity, shows himself to be a musician of fantasy and much technical skill in integrating the guitar with the orchestra in a texture both interesting and diverting. No information about the player (or even his gender) is offered in the annotation, but he is a Segovia-type performer, with excellent musical instincts if not the subtlety of the prototype. The recital includes short works of Sor, Tarrega, and Ambrosius, all believably reproduced.
Tartini: Concerto in D minor. Joseph Szigeti, violin, with orchestra conducted by George Szell. Columbia ML-4891, $5.95.	Szell's vigorous direction and the spirited performances by Szigeti are compromised by close-up microphoning which intensifies the wiry sound of the violinist's instrument. The generous selection of works also includes an arrangement, in G minor, of the F minor piano concerto of Bach, the Handel D major sonata, and a Tartini sonata in G. Carlo Bussotti is the excellent pianist in the duets.
Tchaikovsky: "Romeo and Juliet" Overture. Antal Dorati conducting the Chicago Symphony Orchestra. Mercury MG-50037, $5.95.	Whether conducting his own Minneapolis Symphony or guest-conducting the Chicago (a fulfilment of a pre-Reiner commitment with Mercury), Dorati is capable of doing all a conductor need do for a high-pressure hi-fi demonstration. Music, however, is in short supply in this and the overside Schubert "Unfinished."
Waldteufel: "Estudiantina," "Espana," "Golden Rain," and "Skaters" waltzes. Eugene Ormandy conducting the Philadelphia Orchestra. Columbia ML-4893, $5.95.	All the gloss and machine-turned finesse of the playing do not atone for a lack of the grace and rhythmic pulse which one wants in music of this genre. The second side group of Lehar—"Eva," "Gold and Silver," "Merry Widow," "Vilia" waltzes—is similarly overstressed. Big robust sound. —IRVING KOLODIN.

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Yesterday-Today

Continued from page 54

Mozart"—but little else. This is true, of course, as far as Mozart is concerned, but with Haydn we had better "look at the record." Johann Christian was born in 1735—three years after Haydn, and these works must have been written pretty close to 1770, by which date Haydn had gone his own way. This music is Italian to the core, and while it is truly symphonic in the early Classic sense it does not point towards the inexorable symphonic logic of the old Viennese master. Nonetheless, these are fine works, representative of the turn from the pre-Classic to the Classic style, which was to blossom fully in the next decade, and they are thoroughly viable. They are well played, too, and well recorded. I have faint misgivings about certain passages in the wind parts which may have been a bit retouched, but hasten to add that this very talented, amiable, and most adaptable composer was entirely capable of such "modern" handling of the orchestra. And how this renegade German Lutheran turned Italian Catholic can manipulate the Italian "dialect"! The slow movements are veritable love songs or berceuses—sensuous, lilting, caressing, and melting. (By the way, is the pizzicato accompanist in the slow movement of the G major symphony *echt*? It is conceivable, for this Casanova of music could conjure up pretty nearly anything, but with this sort of thing we are on the threshold of the *entr' acte* of "Cavalleria Rusticana."

The anonymous annotator of the Haydn work states that it "belongs to Haydn's Esterhyza [*sic*] period"—well, that's a mere thirty years, almost the entire life span of Mozart. It does not matter, however, because whether early or late Haydn, or even Haydn at all (who knows, nothing is said about the authenticity of the work) it is a spanking good piece by a real master, excellently played by Isabelle Nef and the Lamoureux Orchestra under Pierre Colombo (who also conducts the Bach symphonies). The harpsichord blends beautifully with the orchestra, the accompaniment is vigorous, yet always appropriate, and the tempos are bracing. Curiously enough, Miss Nef does better here than in the French harpsichord pieces; she is energetic, plays with a masculine gusto, and her rhythm is crisp.

These are fine recordings for anyone's money, and more of this sort will always be welcome.

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Recordings Reports II: Miscellaneous LP's

WORK, PERFORMER, DATA	REPORT
Bach: "Goldberg" Variations. Gustav Leonhardt, harpsichord. Vanguard BG-536, $5.95.	To my ears this is a didactic, uninvigorating performance, which sounds as much a chore for Leonhardt as for the listener. Moreover, I do not care for the twangy, overbright sound of his instrument, or its mechanical noises. All are *very* faithfully reproduced.
Beethoven: "Moonlight," "Waldstein," "Appassionata" sonatas. Paul Badura-Skoda, piano. Westminster WL-5184, $5.95.	Badura-Skoda's lyric impulse serves him well in the slow movements of these works, and for much of the "Moonlight"; but the faster ones are overdramatized, in a rather too-broad making of points. However, his purposes are always musical ones, the piano sound consistently good. Excellent balance in the reproduction.
Beethoven: "Waldstein" and "Appassionata" sonatas. Sascha Gorodnitzki, piano. Capitol P-8264, $5.70.	Hard sounding, overdriven performances, with piano reproduction to match. Those who believe that Beethoven sonatas are a proper medium for the exploitation of piano technique may find something to listen to here; others are duly forewarned.
Brahms: Sonata No. 2 in F sharp minor. Joseph Battista, piano. MGM E-3056, $4.85.	This is far from the most successful of Brahms's piano works, and Battista does not have the skill at integration or the dominant force of personality to make it more interesting than it inherently is. He does better with the quieter music in a group of the composer's piano pieces that includes four intermezzi (A,A minor, E flat minor, F minor), the G minor Ballade (rather choppily played), and the F major Romance. Good piano reproduction.
Brahms: Quintet in F minor. Victor Aller, piano, with the Hollywood String Quartet. Capitol P-8269, $5.70.	Musicianly, straightforward performance, with a particular credit to Aller for vigorous, well-phrased execution. However, the eloquence of the music is rather reduced by a style of string playing lacking the breadth of tone and the warmth of sound wanted. Good reproduction of what is offered to the microphone.
Brahms: Sonatas opus 120, Nos. 1 and 2. Jacques Lancelot, clarinet, and Annie D'Arco, piano. Oiseau-Lyre 50030, $5.95.	Last month's praise for Lancelot [RECORDINGS, August 28] can be iterated on behalf of his technical prowess, but his is a cool, cool tone for Brahms, especially as the impulse it proclaims is not a particularly poetic one. Some of the phraseology is remarkable in continuity and control, but that is not all that Brahms asks. Lean sound, well matched with the piano reproduction.
Dvorak: Quartet in E flat. Fritz Jahoda, piano, with members of the Galimir Quartet. Stradivari 619, $5.95.	The moderate interests of the Dvorak work (a successor to the piano quintet) are much exceeded by the companion work, Janacek's second string quartet, which is subtitled "Intimate Letters." An autobiographical essay in tone, it has more than a few points of resemblance to Smetana's "From My Life," not only in method but materials. However, it also says much for Janacek's creative powers. Both performances are thoroughly prepared, performed with vitality, and well reproduced.
Gounod: "Chanson de printemps," and six other songs. Gerard Souzay, baritone, with Jacqueline Bonneau, piano. London LD-9110, $4.95.	The gentle sentiments and non-taxing range of these songs are admirably suited to Souzay's virtues of mind and heart. The total tends somewhat to monotony, especially as Souzay does not vary his vocal color much, but the material is worth having for the suavity and care of the singer's presentation.The piano support is well managed, likewise the recording.
Haydn: String Trios Nos. 1, 2, and 3. Westminster WL-5296, $5.95.	Beautiful performances by Jean Pougnet, violin, Frederick Riddle, viola, and Anthony Pini, cello, are the facts of interest here, for the trios—while individually absorbing—are hardly different enough for successive listening. Side two contains three trios (No. 1 in A, No. 3 in C, and No. 6 in F) by Charles Henry Wilton, presumably an English contemporary of Haydn, though details of his career are meager. The music is graceful and lively by turns, entertainingly anonymous in personality. Again, the performances are the finest of the sort since the Pasquiers, and perfectly preserved.
Mendelssohn: Sonata in F. Yehudi Menuhin, violin, with Gerald Moore, piano. LHMV 1071, $5.95.	As Menuhin says in his own articulate annotation, this work (previously unpublished and consequently long unheard) fills a gap in the violin literature by providing it with an example of Mendelssohn's mature skills designed for violin and piano, rather than being the adaption of a concerto for orchestra. He plays it with full pride of discovery, and a satisfying blend of the desirable interpretative qualities, ably abetted by Moore. The overside Concerto No. 3 (B minor) of Saint-Saëns is vigorously presented, but not with as much overall justice as in the version of Francescatti and Mitropoulos on Columbia ML-4315. Here the conductor is Gaston Poulet, leading the Philharmonia Orchestra. Too much "empty hall" quality in the Concerto.
Schumann: Symphonic Etudes, Fantasy. Yves Nat, piano. Haydn Society 87, $5.95.	Though it be illuminating to know what Nat (which should not be construed as a contraction of Nathan) has been doing since he made some admired Schumann records twenty years ago, it is well to have his thoughts on this music in representative form, in such well-recorded performances. The "grand manner" is sometimes productive merely of harsh sound, but many details are beautifully formed. The Etudes come off better than the Fantasy.
Rimsky-Korsakov: "The Prophet," etc. Raphael Arie, bass, with the London Symphony directed by Anatole Fistoulari. London LD-9101, $5.95.	This magnificent song might well be an operatic excerpt, for Rimsky has given superb utterance to a Pushkin poem descriptive of such a divine visitation as Isaiah had from Jehovah. Arie sings it with that vitality which registers so well on discs, as he does also Rachmaninoff's setting of Aputkin's "Fate," based on the opening motive of the Beethoven C minor symphony. The accompanist for this is Wilfred Parry. Fine reproduction throughout.
Wagner: "Die Meistersinger" ("Fliedermonolog") etc. Otto Edelmann, bass, with the Vienna Symphony conducted by Wilhelm Loibner and Rudolf Moralt. Epic LC-3052, $5.95.	A full side of Sachsian material ("Jerum Jerum," "Euch macht ihr's leicht," and "Verachtet mir die Meister nicht" are included) is a little trying in Edelman's cheerleader style of performance. More subtlety, a little less force and strenuosity of production would be welcome. Side two offers excerpts from "Tannhäuser," "Parsifal," and "Flying Dutchman." The voice is often favored by the microphone over the orchestra. —I. K.

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Mambo for All

EVERYBODY'S talking about the "mambo," and even such "homey" singers as Vaughn Monroe and Perry Como have been moved to sing about the mambo. But outside of a few metropolitan centers it has about as many real exponents as the tango. Dance bands drifting in from the hinterlands report loud and persistent requests to "play a mambo"—but when it's played two or three couples give what amounts to an exhibition. More recently, as bands have started playing Yankee pop tunes with a mambo beat, the kids are jitterbugging the same way they do everything else, including waltzes.

From the musical standpoint I believe that the mambo has provided the element of form long required to tie together the chaotic elements of "progressive" big band jazz; further, it is now dance music. Under the random brass climaxes and often unrelated riffs and harmonies there is constant rhythmic counterpoint, and in its way it can really be said to "swing."

The first big name to break through in the mambo field was that of the Cuban pianist-arranger, Perez Prado, who recently held forth for several weeks at the reasonably staid Waldorf-Astoria's Starlight Roof and reportedly turned the place upside-down (which presents an unquestionably interesting picture). Arthur Murray's staff worked overtime for weeks preparing local society for the event.

The expert mambophiles in New York, however, flock to the several Broadway ballrooms where ultra-progressive mambo is dispensed by such bopsters as Tito Puente, Tito Rodriguez, and Machito. The two Titos are represented generously on the specialist Tico label, and also on RCA Victor, while some of Machito's least danceable offerings are on Mercury. An excellent example of the "Broadway" mambo is, aptly, MAMBO ON BROADWAY, by Puente (RCA LPM-3164). Typical of the idiom is his mambo scoring of "Tuxedo Junction," the old swing-era smash. The authentic Cuban tunes "Dondé Estabas Tu?" and "El Baile del Pinguino" come off equally excitingly. Incidentally, I'm told that in Cuba itself it's generally too hot to do the mambo. The climate in Paris must be quite conducive—at any rate, two of the best mambos I've heard are by a French big band conducted by Jacques Helian in a set entitled MAMBORAMA (Vox VX-600). The titles are "A la Kenton" and "Dansez Macoumba." —BILL SIMON.

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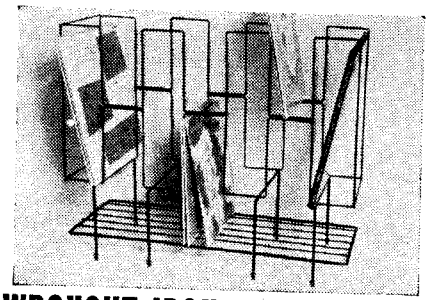

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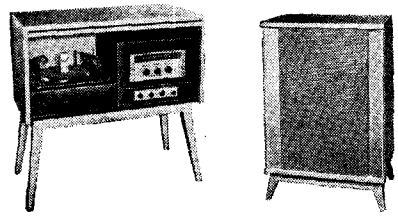

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Verdi by Toscanini, Callas

LAWRENCE GILMAN, in commenting once on the artistic distance traversed by Richard Wagner between "Rienzi" and "Tristan," said they were written "by different men with the same name." To hear "Traviata" and "Falstaff" in the same afternoon, as new versions of each make possible, is to realize the even greater applicability of the statement to Giuseppe Verdi. After all, "Traviata" is a masterpiece whereas "Rienzi" is not; and there is no intellectual reason why Verdi should not have gone on writing "Traviatas" the rest of his life. Needless to say, it is our good fortune that there was within this amazing man the brain power and the juices of humor to contrive, in his eightieth year, an operatic comedy unlike any other in the literature.

The temptation to write at length about "Falstaff" is almost irresistible once the subject is broached, for it remains, if far from a lost cause, at least caviar to the general directors of most opera houses. For this the reasons are quite evident, if not particularly sound: it is a subtle work, the effects are made swiftly as Verdi's pen raced over the pages (fearful, perhaps, that the mood and energy would get away from him before he could get it all down), the typical arias and set pieces telescoped into a far shorter span than was possible for any composer less experienced. Hence "Falstaff" is a work that neither overpowers nor insinuates. It must be listened to with a full understanding of Verdi's craft and purpose before its spell takes hold. The guild of "Falstaff"-lovers, increasing in size all the time, will eventually put the work in its rightful place in the Metropolitan repertory beside the works of Mozart the public has learned to love in the last score of years.

To that end, this presentation by RCA Victor (LM 6111, $17.85) of the performance broadcast under the direction of Arturo Toscanini on April 1 and 8, 1950, should be a powerful stimulus. How often does such an orchestra as the NBC engage this score, in which a full fifty per cent of the musical essence is concentrated? The care and detail of the preparation have been rivalled in memory only by the Reiner-led Metropolitan production in 1949, which, for all its virtues, did not have the high polish of this lapidarian affair.

I still remember it as a more jolly, easy-going treatment of the score, the comedy more communicative, the iron hand of discipline not so constantly pulling the strings; but that is the price that must be paid for Toscanini's magnificent clarity of detail throughout, the airy lightness of Falstaff's "Quando'ero paggio," the furious anger of Ford's "E sogno," the delicious precision of the ensemble laughter, the dreamy woodland atmosphere of Fenton's "Dal labbro il canto," and the rousing finality of the final fugue on the theme "All the world is a jest." It is, in a word, an historic definition of the musical values in this score, which might have been gaited differently were Toscanini working for the stage rather than the microphone.

IN TERMS of personnel, this is one of the most uniformly satisfying in the Toscanini broadcast series. I had forgotten how superbly Herva Nelli's voice suited the music of Mistress Ford, Cloe Elmo's Mistress Quickly is as good as anyone is ever likely to hear, and Giuseppe Valdengo sings a Falstaff of remarkable pliancy and distinctness (I prefer a fatter voice for the fat knight). For once, too, there is practically no variation in quality between major and minor participants (a matter of some moment here, because all are called upon to sing ensemble music of the same difficulty). Frank Guarrera is a substantial Ford, Antonio Madasi an acceptable Fenton, Teresa Stitch-Randall as Nannetta and Nan Merriman as Meg Page always in the musical picture. The smaller male roles are capably dispensed by Norman Scott, Gabor Carelli and John Carmen Rossi. If not Gorgeous Technicolor (hifi, that is), the recording is live, well-balanced, and best of all, clean as the sound of Toscanini's triangle player. The pictorial presentation also merits a word of praise, likewise Vincent Sheean's commentary.

Interest in the "Traviata" sponsored by Cetra and sold here by Capitol (Cetra 1246, $17.85) centers on the place Maria Callas's Violetta would take in a sequence that now embraces, on records, the leading roles in works so various as "La Gioconda," "Lucia di Lammermoor," "I Puritani" and "Cavalleria Rusticana." The answer must be, unfortunately, that it is well toward the bottom. The first impact

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of the voice promises something gratefully different from conventional Violettas. However, the peculiar whiteness of sound, the characteristic Callas edgy pitch, and a persistent tendency to drag a note here, scoop one there do not become the Verdian line at all. She obviously cannot "sing out" for the full power of the voice would be unmanageable in "Ah fors' è lui" or "Dite alla giovine" and disastrous to her companions in the ensembles. In consequence, she is constantly striving for delicate effects that are just not at her command, with results that can only be called unbeautiful.

As a characterization it might mean more on the stage (Chicago will have it during its November season), but it is not particularly absorbing from the disc. Callas's final scene is, understandably, her best. There, at last, she can perform without restraint, and the effect has the intensity it lacks elsewhere.

Comparisons with any other recorded "Traviata" (not to mention the best) would be particularly odious here, for Francesco Albanese (Alfredo) and Ugo Savarese (Germont) are run of the Italian operatic mill, the secondary performers well down on the professional scale. Finally, Callas has no such conductor as Tullio Serafin to make a memorable thing of the total, as he did in her "Puritani" and "Lucia." Gabriele Santini does little more than accompany the great lady, and when she is not working, there is very little to absorb the attention. The recording is about the Italian average, with some vagaries of swells and diminuendos that suggest post-session monitoring.

—I. K.

Herva Nelli—"superb."

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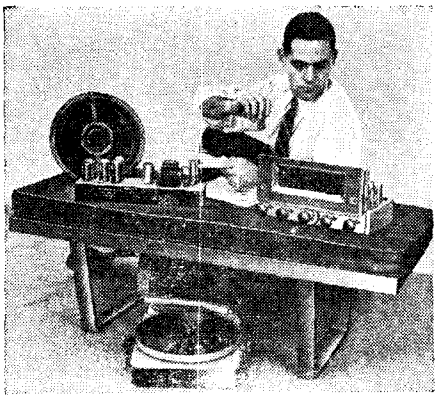

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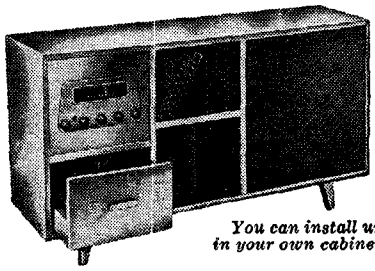

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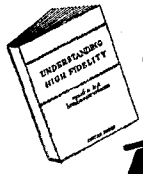

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THE OTHER SIDE

(PRE-RECORDED TAPE IN BRITAIN)

LONDON.

NOTWITHSTANDING the fact that my reviewer's equivalent of the businessman's "In" tray is packed with newly arrived LPs, it is tape and not records which calls for this month's biggest headline. For, despite recent American developments in this field, HMV's decision to launch pre-recorded tapes in time for the annual Radio Show (Earls Court, Aug. 25th to Sept. 4th) took us all completely by surprise. I should not have thought that this country was yet ready for such a development because, due partly to the late emergence of FM broadcasting, comparatively few music-lovers own tape recorders. It is difficult to escape the conclusion that this move represents an attempt on the part of EMI to regain at least some of the prestige which their hesitation vis-à-vis LP had lost them. This is borne out by the manner in which the tapes have been advertised under the slogan of "First Again!" ("again" in this context referring to 45 rpm discs, which EMI introduced to Britain).

The prices of the tapes range from 55s. to 84s. (roughly $7.70 to $11.75) and the first list contains Cantelli performances of Tchaikovsky's 'Pathetique' Symphony and Schumann's Fourth, Beethoven Concertos 2 and 4 (Solomon), Schubert's 4th and 5th Symphonies (London Mozart Players), Mendelssohn's E minor Concerto together with the two Beethoven Romances (Menuhin and Furtwängler) and some popular ballet music ("Carnaval," "Sylphides") from Robert Irving and the Covent Garden Orchestra. I have not yet had much opportunity of listening to these tapes but, if a special demonstration tape made up of short extracts from the above performances is anything to go by, it appears that HMV has done a good job of duplication: what I heard represented a distinct improvement on any of the discs in question. By a curious anomaly which, on the face of it, seems to defy logic, pre-recorded tape is not subject to Purchase Tax as are records (of every £1 we pay for our records, about 5s. belongs to the Chancellor of the Exchequer), but even so the price is, in the long run, likely to repel all but the most ardent seekers after Hi-Fi. No doubt other companies are watching the outcome of this venture with considerable interest and Columbia-Angel will probably join HMV in the future—I gather that a tape-version of "The Merry Widow" is in course of preparation.

EMI's record releases for September are numerous and well-varied, save for the complete absence of any contemporary music. Included are two operas, "Faust" and "Norma," and a play, "Macbeth." The long-awaited Columbia set of Bellini's masterpiece has not reached me at the time of writing, but the cast, headed by Maria Callas and including Ebe Stignani, Mario Filippeschi and Nicola Rossi-Lemeni, with the orchestra and chorus of La Scala under the direction of Maestro Serafin, holds out the greatest promise. "Faust," as many *SR* readers in the U.S.A. will already know, is disappointing. On paper at any rate HMV's cast—De los Angeles, Gedda, Christoff and Borthayre—is much stronger than that of their Beecham set issued five years ago, but such was the life which Beecham infused into chorus and orchestra that I should still prefer to listen to his performance despite its lack of vocal distinction. HMV's two-record "Macbeth" is advertised as "The Old Vic Company Production" but just why this should be so is difficult to see. To be sure, the Old Vic Company is currently presenting a new production of "Macbeth" at the Edinburgh festival and the production will be seen in London during the autumn, but at Edinburgh the leading parts are played by Ann Todd and Paul Rogers whereas they are read on the records by Pamela Brown and Alec Guinness. However, this excellent and finely recorded performance is a most welcome addition to the rapidly increasing repertoire of plays on LP.

Among the orchestral discs, HMV's contribution includes Brahms's Third Symphony conducted by Toscanini (in my opinion the finest of the Maestro's Brahms recordings); a somewhat over-romantic performance of Bach's Double Concerto by de Vito and Menuhin, coupled with a ravishing Trio Sonata by Handel; a collection of no fewer than nine Mozart Overtures, capably but not very sensitively played by the Philharmonia under Kubelik; an exhilarating coupling of two Organ Concertos by Handel (Op. 4, Nos. 2 and 4) in which that admirable artist Geraint Jones

(*Continued on page 70*)

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Farnham

Continued from page 59

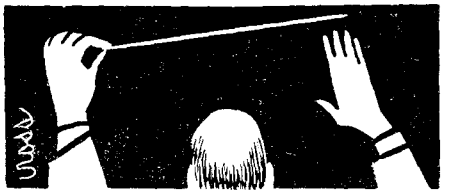
record includes two sets of variations —"O Gott du Frommer Gott"—also to be heard in the Farnham recording —and the familiar canonic variations on "Vom Himmel Hoch." Six Chorale Fughettas, delightful short works dating from the Weimar period, have been rarely, if ever, recorded before, and are a high spot of this release. A group of five Chorale Preludes, including "Herzlich tut mich verlangen" and "Liebster Jesu, wir sind hier," completes the recording.

A few months ago the organ-building firm of Aeolian-Skinner published a 12-inch LP record called "The King of Instruments"—examples of various types of organ tone, with spoken notes by the company's president, G. Donald Harrison. Intended as a guide to organ students and music committees (who might presumably want some day to buy an organ), the Aeolian-Skinner people were surprised to find a general interest in the record. Now, Volume II has been released, and the Möller company has issued a recording of a new organ they have built for the studio of the Church of St. Mary the Virgin, in New York City. Möller was long known as a builder of traditional romantic organs, but recently the firm has joined the swing toward the more classic tone color. Doubtless it is a reaction to current taste, Möller's own taste in turn being guided by Ernest White, organist on this record and musical director at the church just off Times Square. White is an accomplished musician, a skilled performer and an expert in both the old and new.

Ernest White plays the third of this month's versions of the Bach Variations on "O Gott, du frommer Gott," and it is a splendid performance. Of the three, White's is the most interesting for its tonal concept, the variety of colors drawn from the palette of classic registrations. His style is more crisp than Farnham's, and he displays more bite and brilliance than Viderø. Möller is doing a good job with reed stops—the brassy wind instruments of the organ—and White knows it.

The work of Robert Elmore, young Philadelphia organist-composer, is being heard more and more on recital programs, and his "Pavanne," a piece of rare form and grace, is included in this Ernest White record. Works by Martini, Thomas Arne, Fiocco, and Karg-Elert are also included.

Volume One of "The King of Instruments," issued by Aeolian-Skinner, emphasized the vast differences between organs of the classic style and the mushy romantic instruments that



were in vogue until the middle twenties. Volume Two dips into organ literature "from Bach to Langlais," and demonstrates three of Aeolian-Skinner's more impressive recent instruments. They are the Symphony Hall organ in Boston, the First Presbyterian Church in Kilgore, Texas, and the Cathedral Church of St. Paul, Boston. George Faxon, Roy Perry, and a "staff organist" are the performers. The Bach, played on the two Boston instruments, includes three of the "Schübler" Chorals, the Trio Sonata No. 1, and the Allegro movement from the Vivaldi-Bach A-Minor Concerto.

The Kilgore organ is used for showing contemporary organ music—Sowerby's "Carillon," also on the Farnham-Watters recording, Alain's "Litanies," and a Paraphrase on the "Te Deum," by Jean Langlais. Kilgore is one of the few pipe organs to boast a "Trompette en Chamade," with the pipes arranged fanwise on their sides. It appears toward the end of Sir Henry Walford Davies' "Solemn Melody." Although it shows three different organs, this record lacks the novelty of Volume One, and unfortunately includes much that has been recorded before. —David Hebb.

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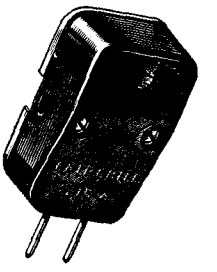

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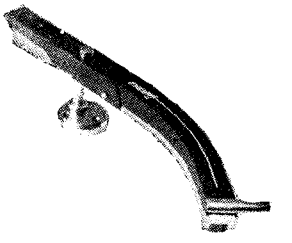

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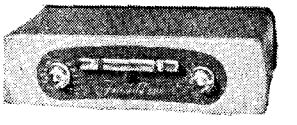

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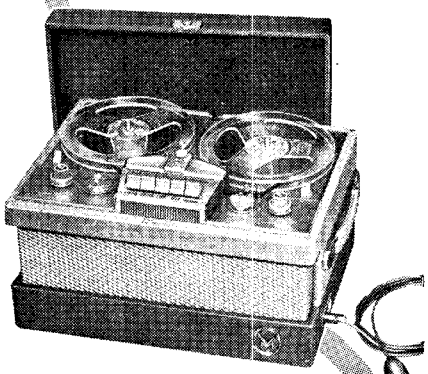

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Koussevitzky Revalued

By ARTHUR BERGER

RCA VICTOR has re-issued some Koussevitzky recordings of the pre-LP era that come as a timely tribute to the late Boston Symphony conductor, who would have been eighty this past summer. If the assortment is curiously heterogeneous, scarcely remarkable for anything unusual as to repertory, and sometimes disconcertingly fragmentary in its choice of excerpts, it has been shrewdly planned to reveal to us in retrospect Koussevitzky's main musical preoccupations and to present a synthesis of his career—even to his early role as virtuoso on the double-bass.

That the five LPs, embracing almost as much standard music as contemporary, should all come within the domain of this column is evidence in itself of the vitality of that career. Fine readings of established masterpieces reflect honor upon any active conductor. But after his retirement—though the perpetuity of recordings has somewhat altered things—it is the significant new music he has brought to light for which he is chiefly remembered. As everyone who is acquainted with concert activity of the past few decades knows, American music would be far less advanced today were it not for Koussevitzky. Indeed, its future looks bleak; no one has emerged to take his place.

Copland, whose present eminence may be traced back to Koussevitzky more than to any other single benefactor, is represented among these LPs by "Lincoln Portrait," one of his more popular pieces (LCT-1152), since this is the only Boston Symphony version of his music that has not been previously re-issued. Harris, another of Koussevitzky's top protegés, is more solidly represented by his Third Symphony, probably his masterpiece to date (LCT-1153). Both works are already on LP in readings that compare well with Koussevitzky's. It is thus Hanson who profits most from this Koussevitzky revival, since his Third Symphony, coupled with the Harris, fills out the gap in the LP catalogue between his second and fourth symphonies.

But, as I have said, it is what these re-issues symbolize, more than what they contain, that is fascinating; and oddly enough, one of their most revealing facets is the little recital of flimsy encore pieces for double-bass, written mostly by Koussevitzky himself in a frankly Tchaikovskian vein (LCT-1145). Here is the key to Koussevitzky's conducting and to the direction that much American symphonic music has assumed in the last quarter of a century. The personality capable of putting over a product (namely, new music) that is not easily marketable inevitably left its impression, as well, on the composers it abetted, so that some of Koussevitzky's preferences were promptly transmitted to them. At the same time those who wrote for the Boston Symphony conducted by Koussevitzky were merely being practical when they adapted their method on their own behalf to its superlative manner—a manner notable for sonorous richness, a capacity to produce enveloping fortissimos that did not revile the ear, string choirs that could despatch elaborate contours with the unanimity of a single virtuoso, and, above all, a tendency to draw out slow passages tenuously and patiently and give majestic resonance to the bass line.

Considering all this in the light of Koussevitzky's solos on the double-bass, one may observe, among other things, his need to delay and scoop in order to achieve suave connection between one note and the next, since large distances were to be spanned by the fingers with much pressure. His playing of Beethoven's Minuet in G strikes the unprepared listener as a travesty. Since the phonograph is capable of deception and because he used low notes sparingly, it may easily seem to be a cello that is being played haltingly. Everything changes with the realization it is a double-bass. Amusement is replaced by awe at the phenomenal lyricism. When he recorded his solos in 1929 his career as soloist had long since been superseded by his conducting interests, and he may no longer have had the facility of his heyday to play the minuet in more regular time. Also, allowances must be made for the fact that in those days string players normally took liberties that now strike us painfully. Yet, this predilection for drawing out the bow in brazen defiance of the beat was, I suspect, the origin of his particular brand of rubato in conducting. The exaggerations became less severe, but he handled the orchestra as if it were a huge, ponderous instrument that could be made to respond sensitively if allowed to move gingerly and with the utmost leisure at certain

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junctures. And of course, his experience with the double-bass accounted for the expressive bottom line in his readings and the generally ample tone.

A Mozart symphony, where there is little room for his characteristic rubato or his deep, sustained bass, fared less well with him than a romantic work like Berlioz's "Harold in Italy," reissued with Primrose as soloist (LCT-1146). His affinity for Stravinsky waned as that composer veered in a classical direction. His own Edition Russe in Paris continued to publish his fellow Russian exile and the Boston programs kept apace with his progress. But he seemed more at home conducting Sibelius. (Stravinsky's "Capriccio," with Sanromà as pianist, and Sibelius's "Pohjola's Daughter" are on the LP with Copland, which also has bits of Fauré's "Pelléas et Mélisande" as a nod, I take it, to his strong French ties.) And closest of all to his heart was, doubtless, the broad Russian symphonic style of Shostakovich and Prokofieff, who is represented by music from "Lieutenant Kije" and "Romeo and Juliet," as well as the usual bits from "Love of Three Oranges" (LCT-1144).

Such, then, were the ideals placed before our composers under his wing, though around 1930 American music had, contrariwise, given promise of a certain sparseness under the influence of Stravinsky, Schoenberg, and the "Six." Having provided a vehicle for the virtuosity of Koussevitzky's Bostonians and an atmosphere for the maestro to project, a composer was likely to have qualms as to what the free reading would do to his conception. Apropos of one such interpretation, the creator remarked that the atmosphere was "so thick you could cut it." But whatever Koussevitzky's approach was, the execution had the same elegance and conviction that make his bass solos so special. When his intellectual appreciation of a work equalled his instinct for fine performance, the outcome could be truly extraordinary, as in the orchestral rendering of Tchaikovsky's "Romeo and Juliet," on the reverse side of the LP with the bass solos. But even if his idea of the music differed from the composer's, his approach to Copland or William Schuman was as painstaking as his approach to Tchaikovsky, and this is what was so encouraging to American composers. The current increased interest in opera may be part of a world-wide boom of the genre. But I would be surprised if the preoccupation of some of our native composers with opera to the exclusion of symphony were not to be traced, in part, to Koussevitzky's disappearance from the scene.

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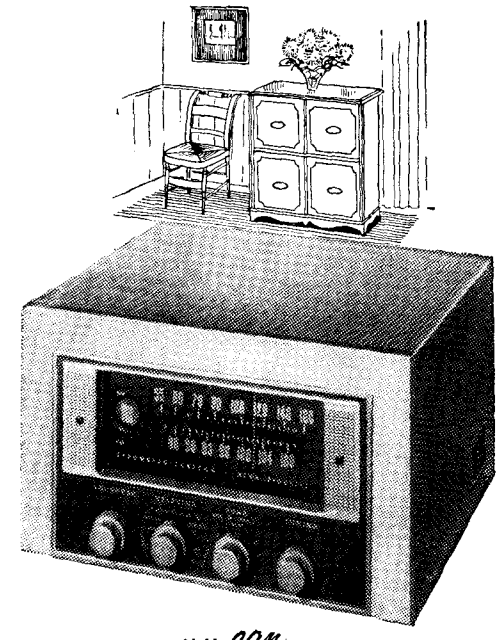

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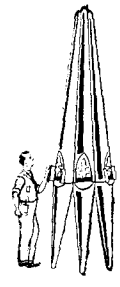

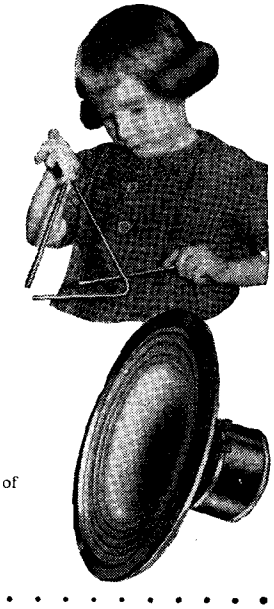

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The Other Side

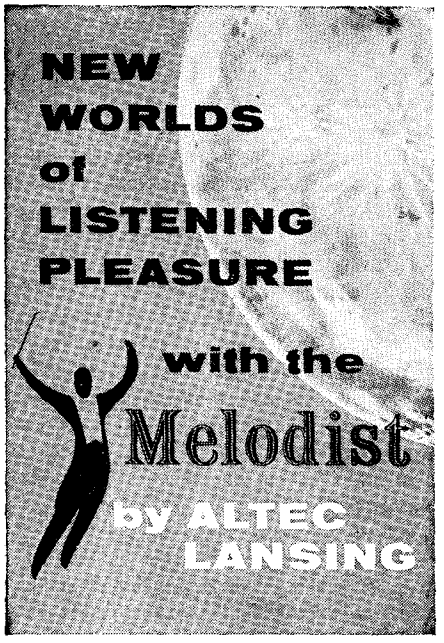
Continued from page 66

is supported by the Philharmonia Strings under Wilhelm Schüchter. Both in the Handel and when listening to a new HMV disc of excerpts from "Swan Lake" (Irving and Philharmonia) I was particularly struck by the excellence of the recorded sound, which suggests that manufacturers such as Decca and Westminster, long regarded with special affection by Hi-Fi devotees, will soon have to look to their laurels.

Columbia offers a musicianly account of Dvorak's 'New World' Symphony (Galliera and Philharmonia) which will suffice until HMV decides to let us have the Toscanini disc; Karajan and the Philharmonia are responsible for exquisitely played and highly sophisticated readings of Beethoven's 1st Symphony and Egmont and Leonora No. 3 Overtures; other records in which this great orchestra can be heard include a wide selection of Mendelssohn's music for "A Midsummer Night's Dream" (Kletzki), Rachmaninoff's C minor Concerto with Geza Anda as soloist and conducted by Galliera, and Mozart's last Piano Concerto, K.595 in B flat, beautifully performed by Denis Matthews with sympathetic accompaniment directed by Rudolf Schwarz. Bizet's youthfully attractive Symphony in C, which enjoyed quite a vogue a few years ago, appears on LP here for the first time in a breezy but rather coarsely recorded performance by the Radiodiffusion Rrançaise Orchestra under Cluytens, with the Overture "Patrie" as fill-up, while a most enjoyable collection of music by the elder Scarlatti, Cimarosa and Paisiello introduces to the Columbia label the splendid Orchestra Alessandro Scarlatti of Naples, under its conductor Franco Caracciolo. Lovelier still is a disc devoted to four concertos by Vivaldi, including the beautiful D minor work for Viola d'Amore, performed by I Musici, a superb group of young Italians who created a tremendous impression at last year's Aix-en-Provence festival and who must be regarded as serious challengers to the supremacy of the famous Virtuosi di Roma.

On Parlophone we have the customary contribution from the London Baroque Ensemble and, if their performance of Mozart's delicious Serenata Notturna is rather less than seductive, Karl Haas makes amends with an arresting Sonata for three violins (here played with the parts multiplied) by the Austrian composer Johann Joseph Fux (1660-1741).

—Thomas Heinitz.



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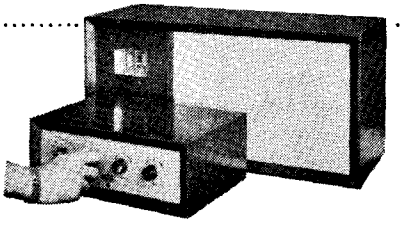

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Nippon "Sheshebon"

Continued from page 57

from each shop turned out to be identical—for classics, Beethoven, Mozart, Tschaikovsky and Chopin, Verdi and Puccini, and for moderns, Bartok, Prokofieff, Debussy and Stravinsky, Sibelius and Ravel, in that order. Beethoven's Fifth has been and continues to be the all-time favorite. Since the first postwar recording of it (Furtwängler and the Berlin Philharmonic, RCA Vic. M-426) was released here late in 1946, one year after the surrender, some five or six different versions have followed, and a total of around 60,000 copies were sold during this time. Second to this, at the moment, comes Tschaikovsky's "Swan Lake," with a sale of nearly 20,000 copies so far. "Swan Lake" during this last year has had an extraordinary amount of attention paid to it. It was already familiar to the Japanese, being one of the local orchestral standbys, when a film of the ballet arrived. On the heels of the success of the film, an unusually well-received performance was staged by Kaitani Yuriko, Japan's premiere ballerina. Last month, Nora Kaye, the first genuine ballet artist since Pavlova in 1926 to perform in Japan, completed a long series of "Swan Lake" programs, performing it in full and supported by a local all-Japanese ballet company. "Kaye savings" has now become a current word as she is performing for two months, and she has raised record sales noticeably. After "Swan Lake," the best seller of the last few months has been Bruno Walter's recording with the New York Philharmonic Symphony of Mozart's Symphonies Nos. 40 and 35 (Col. ML-4693).

BUT something new has come to Japan—American jazz and popular music has suddenly attained, all within the space of the eight years since the end of the War, an immense popularity. Since these records are mostly 10" (78-rpm like the majority of Japanese records) and cost only the equivalent of seventy-five cents, a price more within the range of a music lover's pocketbook, they obviously sell widely. "Buttons and Bows," for example, from Bob Hope's "Paleface," the best-seller to date of any Western-style popular song, sold something like 300,000 copies—and it is still selling. (The Japanese like it, according to one musician I know, because, "It is Oriental in rhythm and pentatonic in melody, just like our own music.") The best-selling record of Japanese popular music, which

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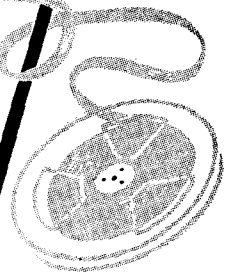

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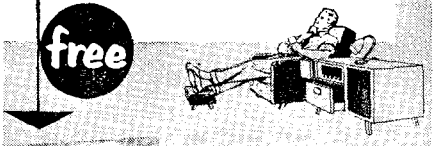

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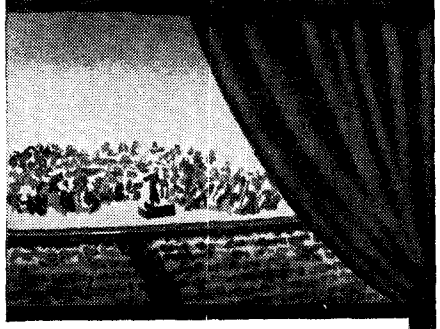

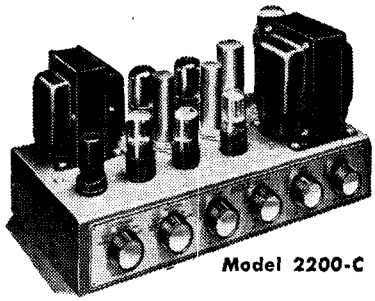

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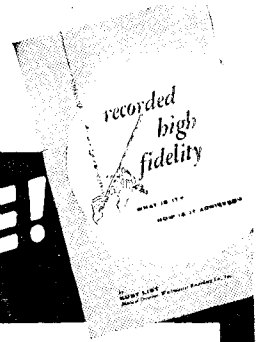
also has tremendous appeal here, "Yatombushi," a sort of bawdy folk song about liquor which the Japanese sing at geisha parties or during drinking bouts in small cafes, exceeded "Buttons and Bows" by only a few additional hundred thousands. (A half a million copies is about the maximum sale a record ever has here.)

Part of the favor Western popular music finds itself in is due to the fact that the Occupation demand for dance music and orchestras was so great and so profitable, that a lot of Japanese simply learned how to play it and the fashion has remained. Another part is due to visiting celebrities like Josephine Baker and Gene Krupa. Gene Krupa has such a following here that he has appeared twice, once with a trio and later with the JATP (Jazz at the Philharmonic) group. There has also been something of a two way exchange between the United States and Japan. For instance, Eri Chiemi, a leading singer, visited the States last year and came back with a steady succession of smash hits—all in the 300,000 bracket—"Com' on a my House," "Oh My Papa," "Vaya Con Dios," and the Turkish Usk Dara-a, all of which she sings partly in English (to give the foreign flavor) and the rest in Japanese.

Accompanying all this interest in records and music is an active literary and magazine world. At least four medium-sized magazines keep Japanese listeners posted as to what is happening in the world of records. *Playback,* for instance, runs monthly original articles on such subjects as "Sapphire vs. Diamond Points," or to take another at random, "Homemade Hi-Fi Sets: Their Advantages and Disadvantages." Although almost every major magazine in Japan carries record reviews of one sort or another, *LP News,* a special magazine as its title implies, reviews every LP record that appears. These records manage to be on sale in Japan just about the time they are issued in America (they are ordered in advance), and an example of this unexpected synchronized harmony between the two companies occurred recently when the new Columbia recording of the Stravinksy-Pergolesi "Pulcinella" (Col. ML-4830) was released. Before the month was out an erudite review had appeared here extolling it and encouraging its sales. Perhaps the most popular of magazines devoted exclusively to jazz record news is the *Hot Club of Japan Bulletin.* Items from its current table of contents take on an almost surrealistic sounding mixture of East and West: One article is headed, "Jockeys in a Jam," by Dr. Yoshio Maki; another reads, "Jazz, a People's Music (introducing Mr.



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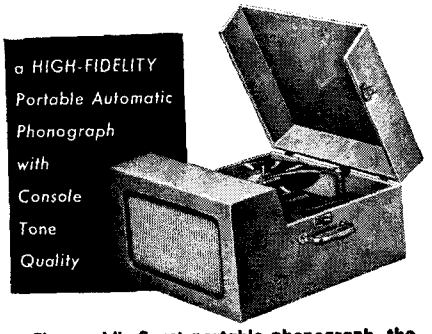

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Finkelstein's book of the same title)," by Teizo Ikegami. One of the main announcements this month says,

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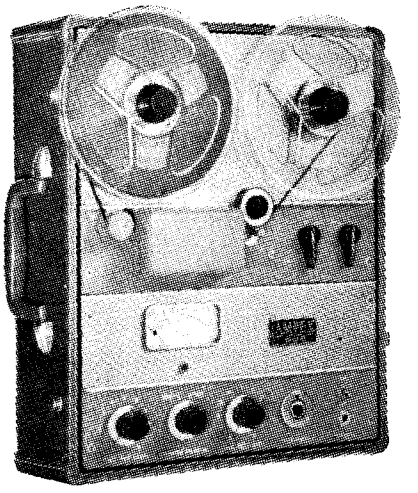
presents
ITS EIGHTY-SIXTH MONTHLY
RECORD RECITAL
at
KURAMAE-KOGYO KAIKAN,
TOKYO

and features an item called "Sing Sing Sing—My Favorite Vocalists," with commentary by T. Iizuka and M. Kudo and includes such songs as Ethel Waters's "I Can't Give You Anything But Love" and Billy Eckstein's "Lonesome Lover Blues."

The musical world of Japan, both popular and classical, becomes year by year more and more like the Western one—people collect records, the record shops are full, artists come from abroad, sales jump, local artists go abroad and bring back new ideas, styles of performing, and pieces of music. Cliques devoted to ultra-modern and abstract music, even, are forming here (this is another postwar trend), and in these circles Schoenberg and Stravinsky are called "grandfathers," and even Alban Berg is "old." These groups are more interested in John Cage—partly because he is a practising Zen Buddhist and that has enormous appeal for the Japanese, and partly because they are frankly tired of "oldtimers."

All in all it is a healthy, active, musical world. And as mysterious as it seems to us—that Japanese are obviously radiantly happy with their appreciation of the West's music—perhaps, ultimately, the only "mystery" is that *we* do not quite understand it.



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Letters to the *RECORDINGS* Editor

BAD NEWS FOR BIRDS

SOME MASTER MIND at Penn State College has developed a means of abating the English starling nuisance. This is simply a record player with amplifier attached. The gimmick in this hook-up is a disc which gives an imitation of a starling in distress: It's a sound these birds do not like to hear and they depart. . . . The thought occurs to me that this development in the use of records could be expanded *pro bono publico*. Example: Suppose you have a starling nuisance but not the Starling Distress Disc recommended by Penn State College. A good substitute for it would be a hillbilly record "artist" equipped with the pearls of his special art . . . a congested sinus, acute melancholia. Amplify this disc and I think you'd have something to clear the undesirable birds plumb off your property.

OSCAR OSTLUND.

Bodines, Pa.

METROPOLITAN SALOME?

IN THE AUGUST 28 issue, during a review of the Christl Goltz recording of Salome, you mentioned a comparison with an "aircheck of the Reiner-Welitch broadcast from the Metropolitan." If Columbia has a tape of a performance with these two artists, why do they not, as RCA has done in the case of the Toscanini broadcasts, release them for public consumption? It is hard to understand why a complete recording was never made with Welitch, for surely there will hardly be another one as great as she for a long time to come.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *Though Reiner and Welitch were Columbia artists at the time of the broadcast, the cast doubtless included performers with other affiliations. Moreover, while Columbia does have a working agreement with the Met, the broadcasts are commercially sponsored, which might make for difficulties. In my judgment, processing for public sale of certain Met performances would be a mighty desirable thing.*

HOW DOTH THE BUSY BISBEE. . . .

THE ARTICLE "The Oldest Music in the World" by Faubion Bowers [SR Recordings, Aug. 28], was extremely interesting. But, as a southern Arizonan, it hurts my pride considerably to find that the name of my home town was misspelled. The name is BISBEE and not Bisby.

M. E. MAULE.

Madison, Wisconsin.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *Our Japanese translator stands rebuked.*

FROM THE FAR NORTH

JUST A SHORT NOTE of thanks for your article on modern jazz on the West Coast. Your coverage was quite complete and accurate. Hope that many other jazz fans read it and agree. Again thanks.

AL KRUEGER.

Elmendorff Air Force Base, Alaska.

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